

COMIC.

THE FIVE CENT

# WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY

Entered at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., as Second Class Matter.

No. 879.

{ COMPLETE. }

FRANK TOUSEY PUBLISHER, 34 & 36 NORTH MOORE STREET, N. Y.  
NEW YORK, May 22, 1889.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY.

PRICE  
5 CENTS.

Vol. I

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1889, by FRANK TOUSEY, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.

## A BAD BOY'S NOTE BOOK



BY "ED"

H. O. WORTH



The Subscription Price of THE WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY by the year is \$2.50: \$1.25 per six months post paid. Address FRANK TOUSEY, PUBLISHER, 34 and 36 North Moore Street, New York. Box 2730.

# A BAD BOY'S NOTE-BOOK.

By "ED,"

Author of "The Book Agent's Luck," etc., etc., etc.

## INTRODUCTION.

A SHORT time ago I was walking home through East Broadway, intently thinking of a matter of great importance, when something struck me on the back of the neck. I heard a loud and gleeful laugh, and saw a bright constellation of imaginary stars.

When I came to a realization of things past, present and future, discovered that a cannon-ball had not taken off my head, and found that a bean-shooter of an enlarged pattern had simply fired an antiquated egg, I began to look around for the offender.

He was soon found, but entirely out of reach, as he happened to be perched in the second-story window of an old fashioned house, close by Clinton street, and from that safe retreat he brought his fingers up to his nose and wiggled them very suggestively.

I mounted the front stoop with a grim resolve to have that bad boy punished for his mischievousness, when down upon my head came a shower of tomato cans, cast-off hoop-skirts and old shoes.

Retreat would have ended disastrously, so I dodged into the doorway where I was sheltered, and rang the bell with might and main.

This action was duly supplemented with many a muttered blessing upon my fiendish little tormentor, whose pug-nose, twinkling eyes, and red hair I yet had in my mind.

A gray-haired man with his head bandaged in a towel and his arm in a sling answered the bell, but before I could pour out the torrent of complaint that arose to my lips he glanced at me, uttered a mournful sigh, shook his head, wiped a tear from his eye and said:

"I know all about it—my son has made a victim of you, too. Don't say a word—it is useless. Look at my arm—it is paralyzed from thumping the life out of Peter. Look at my eye. It was half gouged out by a man whom my son lyingly said had called me a chicken thief. I tried to lick him, but the tables were turned. Look at my foot; every toe is broken at the second joint from kicking a smoothing-iron in the dark kitchen supposing it was a rat, while my son was hid in a closet pulling it along with a string. Don't say a word my Christian friend. I know all about it, I tell you. Eggs, eh? well you are pretty well peppered, I must say. Where is he?"

"Up-stairs?" I replied with a sinking sensation at my heart.

"In a window, I suppose. But come in, sir, and if you will undertake to catch him and cart him away to the insane asylum I will pay all expenses. That is fair, isn't it?"

I acknowledged that it was, and entered that house very gingerly, expecting every moment to find the ceiling falling down on top of me and bury me in the ruins.

A dear, sweet and good-looking woman with a swelled nose met me in the hall, carrying a thin baby in her arms, a lump of taffy-candy stuck in its hair, while a very fat young girl, with her dress in tatters, and a haggard look around her profile, went limping down-stairs to the basement floor, groaning dismally at every step, and clutching her head wildly.

This mournful procession impressed me like a cold bath.

"My wife, daughter and baby," announced the man sadly. "All wrecks. Petey did it. We are used to it, though—don't mind it in

the least. Everybody in the neighborhood suffers the most frightful torture, and avoid him like a night-mare."

"Complaints are useless, then?" I ventured to ask.

"Not at all, sir. Will you accept the offer I made you to catch him and end his existence here or not? You would make us all very happy."

"No," I replied warily, as I thought of my past experience with the little imp. "But I would put him where he can do no more harm, if I were you. Does he carry on like this all the time?"

"Put him out of the way? Well, that is just exactly what I am about to do. To-morrow I am going to pack him off to school. It is one of those institutes run expressly to subdue just such spirits as his. You ask if he cuts up these capers often. The best way I could reply to that question is to show you a note-book he has been keeping since last March. I found it in his bureau drawer. You may read it through, and when you finish a perusal, if you do not vote that bad boy a fit inmate for Inferno, I am no judge of human nature."

He handed me an old, much worn, and badly scribbled school blank-book, which he took from his inside pocket, and I glanced through the pages.

The style and composition of the notes, coupled with the writing and spelling, filled me with a desire to let the world at large know something of this remarkable boy.

I told him that I would like to have the book published, as a warning to other unfortunates who might have such a son as his, so that they might learn a few of the tricks that suggest themselves to the fertile brains of the rising generation.

He readily assented to my proposition; so I pocketed the note-book, and the reader will find it reproduced with this introduction.

Having a morbid desire to more closely inspect the bad boy, I asked his father to call him down-stairs.

He said he was not sure that the boy would obey a vocal summons, so he went out in the hall, rang the supper bell furiously, and hid behind the door, whispering that this was the only way in which he might succeed in getting his wicked son down.

A few minutes passed uneventfully by.

The boy was very wary, for he first sent a stuffed coat rolling down the stairs, to see if the coast was clear; and his father was just about to rush out and clutch it, when he discovered the bluff, and stopped himself.

Pretty soon afterwards there sounded a whiz, and I saw Petey Boggs come sliding down the balustrade like a sky-rocket.

His father caught him by the ear before he could unstraddle, and he was hauled into the parlor, where his father attempted to cuff him for what he did to me.

Mr. Boggs met a pin in the boy's hand, which his arm struck, and that stopped his chastisement.

The boy had a bland and innocent face, and was no more than ten or eleven years old, wore knickerbockers, and had a very winning way, that soon quite won me over, and caused me to pet him a little.

He was then sent down-stairs, and I soon after took my leave of



the unfortunate Mr. Boggs, and went on the way, thinking that the boy was probably not half as bad as he at first seemed.

When I got home, I found my pockets filled with molasses.

Petey had poured it there out of a concealed bottle, while I was petting him. Consequently my views of him are changed again, and I think that the following pages must all be true.

#### MUNDY MORNIN'.

*March 4th.*—My mother sez to me, "Petey Boggs, you're a very bad boy, an' I'm agoin' to sen' you to bed early to-night, without any supper, on account of the bean you stuck up baby's nose, because it cried."

That made me hoppin' mad, but I knowed that she would wollop me if I kep' on a-cryin', so I shut up, an' marched up here.

I hate to miss my Sunday dinner, 'cause Sister Maria's bow, which is called Obadiah Leek, alwuz comes to eat here, an' then take her to church; afterwards to the parlor to give her taffy, an' we have extr'y things to eat, which Maria makes believe we have every day, to her bow.

My bedroom is the one next to the back parler, an' ma has locked the hall door so I can't sneak out again, but I won't go to bed.

Mr. Leek gave me a noat-book las' Sundry, an' he said for me to put down in it whot things I done every day for to see how good I can be. I might as well, 'cause I ain't got nuthin' else to do.

Pa don't like Mr. Leek, but sister sez he's got plenty dust, so the ole man tries to look sweet to him, an' kicks hissself afterwards.

Ennyhow pa always goes out Sundys an' takes supper at a nayber's, an' when he comes home ma always calls him Old Soak, an' sez he's b'ilin', but pa can't help it if his nose is painted red, an' he walks crooked.

Pa went out to-night, an' now ma is layin' for him with a poker; I hope she won't bust his backbone in two.

Maria an' Mr. Leek oughter be back from church soon now, an' I jred it, as I can't get to sleep with the swats they give each other, which sounds like corks flyin' out of bottles.

Besides tonite he is goin' to read potry to her, what he makes up, an' as it is by the yard, it makes me tired.

Them heat-registers is regler telerfoans.

I jist fell to sleep, an' up the register comes ma's voice screechin' at the servint girl, for breakin' the dishes.

I wish there wasn't no registers; a feller could sleep better, 'speshly when ma's got on a cranky fit, awaitin' for pa to come home.

An' pa jist came in.

I hurd him punch the basement door with his eye, an' that brung ma out to see if he fell through hissself, an' to yank him inside.

They began to gab awful then, an' pa said somethin' about Tom an' Jerry, who ever they are, an' that made ma madder, an' she said his breth would paralyze a nigger that was google-eyed.

They got into the basement, an' ma gave him a crack in the jaw which she said would knock all the razzle-dazzle out of him.

Then the door banged shut, an' into the parler came Maria an' Mr. Leek, an' they took off their things.

He took out his potry, an' Maria said she doted on it, but I heard her say to ma that it was terrible slush, yistiddy.

He commenced to read it, an' I heard pa yellin' fire down in ther basemint, an a beggin' ma to take the bugs offen him.

I guess he's got a chicken-fit.

Ennyhow, ma wuz achokin' him.

Maria wuz atalkin' awful fast too, so's to prevent Mr. Leek hearin' pa's didos, but Mr. Leek wuz not happy, on account of pa yellin' for his blood, an' a fightin' to git up in the parler with a carvin'-knife to cut him into sausage meet.

He tried to make believe he didn't care, but I knowed it was a faillyur, 'cause when he red his potry his voice had the shakes like I had with fever-an'-ager las' summer.

Ennyhow this is what he red an' them end words what I put in is what ma an' pa said, interruptin' him now an' then.

Ses Mr. Leek, jist like if he was a ackter:

"Oh, queen of my heart, thou vision so fair,  
Thine eyes like a dream, the gold of thy hair  
O'er-flooded my mind, with rapture new-born."

"Look out there, Jemima, you've trod on my corn!" yelled pa, jist then, an' his voice came up the register like a trumpit.

Mr. Leek granted, an' Maria said awful sweet like:

"Pa is so playful, Mr. Leek."

Mr. Leek laft like he'd swallowed a pill, an' then he ses:

"Yas—jolly ole feller—don't cher know."

"Read some more potry, Mr. Leek," ses Maria. "It's jest beauty-full."

"Yas," ses Mr. Leek. "My mama ses I am a seckond Shakespeare."

So he red this to her:

"Oh, why sings the gay thrush, and why do I love—

Yea, and why do I blush—my glance to thee rove?

The answer, my fair maid, is this, be it said."

"Jemima, you've pulled all the hair from my head!" howled pa, awful sudden, an' Mr. Leek stopt his potry an' groand.

I thout he was goin' to drop dead, but he didn't, somehow.

"Miss Boggs," he ses to my sister, "I think I won't read no more."

"Oh, Mr. Leek," ses my sister, "don't mind, pa. He is only gitten a shampoo—ma always does it for him Sund'ys. He don't mean nuthin'."

So, with that, he let fly again, and I knowed by the way he breethed that he was kinder thinkin' difrent.

Ennyhow, he said he writ another like Miss Reevay, an' I can't zackly 'member what the words was, but it sounded like this:

"The jinglin' joskin's joyful jerk,

Jumbled a jagful jowl;

And the hokus-pokuses handy hand,

Hoed a harassin', healthful howl."

Maybe that's a stylish kind of po'try, 'cause sister said it was a recheray little jewel, but he didn't read no more of it to her.

Pa must have heard it through the register, an' came runnin' up.

He only had on his nite-shirt, 'cause I seen him throo the key-hole, an' his whiskers was hikin' up over his ears an' slappin' the back of his neck, the same's if ma had been pullin' 'em left-handed.

Maria screeched, an' fainted dead away.

She fell ker-flop rite into Mr. Leek's arms.

As soon as pa seen that persishun he said to her bow:

"Gol darn your buttons, what'r you doin' with my dorter?"

I don't think Mr. Leek was goin' to perpose so soon, but he seen that pa was pritty bilin' an' his nose more red than ever, so he said:

"We are ingaiged, an' I've got a right to hold her this way."

"Obadiah!" screecht my sister, comin' to awful sudden; an' she twisted her arms rite around his neck befoar pa an' sniffed.

Mr. Leek groand, but he was ketched, an' pa said it was all hunk, an' that settled it on the spot. So pa went down-stairs, an' them two in the parler kep' me awake ha'f the nite swattin' each other on the face, while ma put pa to bed singin' a song about "Whisky you're the d——"

It maid me mad as a hornit to hear the goin's on of Maria an' Mr. Leek, when they was lef' alone, so I thought what to do to git rid of him, without doin' ennything rude to shock him.

I peeked throo the kee-hoal, an' seen the gas was turned down.

He sed the lite hurt his eyes.

Mebbe it was cause he hurd pa say the other nite that the gas bil was sockin' up prittie hye since he was callin' on Maria.

Ennyhow, they sot on the sofer, so clost that a pin couldn't go between them, an' was tryin' to choak each other, by the looks of things.

"Brake away thair!" I sed, as gentel as I could.

Sister skreeched fit to split, an' he jumped up.

"Whot is that?" he ast, lookin' roun'.

"It is me," I ses, "an' I wood be verry much oblidgeed if you wood let her be for a little wile, so's I kin go to sleep in hear."

"O!" ses Maria, "it's that bad boy, Petey."

"Yes," I ses, "an' I'm on to you hard!"

"You go to sleep, like a good boy, do," ses Maria, verry sweet.

"I can't, with your swattin' in thair," I ses.

"Yes," ses Mr. Leek, "do, an' Ile give you a quorter wen I call agen."

"Rats!" ses I; "that's chess-nut. You nevvver pay up."

"Who ses so?" he ast, gittin' mad.



"I do," ses I. "You're alwuz sayin' youle bring kandy for me, an' nevver do. Now, see hear, you ole geezer," ses I, gittin' mad two, "you jist plug alorng, an' le' me be in pease for a little wile, will you?"

"I seen that gentil words wasn't no use with him.

"Petey Boggs," skreeched Maria, "you shut up, or Ile tell ma!"

"O, you needn't say nuthin'," I ses, scornfull; "you ain't so ded stuck on that fresh rooster. I hurd you tell ma you was only out for his dust, an' that his face would stop a klock."

"Holey pok-r!" ses Mr. Leek; "is that so, Maria?"

"N-n-o!" ses sister, kinder kunfewsed.

"You did! I ain't no liar!" I ses. "You ask ma, Mr. Leek."

An' with that sister flopped down on the sofer, all broak up.

She made beleave faintin', but Obadiah had ben thair befour, an' sed, in tragick stile, as he grabed his stoav-pipe:

"Maria Boggs, can this be trew?"

"N-n-o!" she blubered, with a tear on the end of hur noas.

"Your guilty looks bely your assershun!" he ses, startin' t'wards the doar, "an' we part to meat no moar. Fair-well-fair-well!"

Maria yelied, an' I grinned, an' he run out.

I gess he waz glad to git the ingaigmint broke so easy.

Wen he waz garn, Maria tryed to git into my bedroom, but the doar waz lockt, an' she couldn't, which I was verry glad about, 'cause she waz mad enuff to scalp me, an' injoy it.

But she run up-stairs an' told ma.

The worse had come—ma with a strap, an' jist bekorse I wanted to git rid of him an' go to sleap, I got a terribul lickin', with my nite-gown off, an' was told I wood be lockt in four too days moar for spoilin' a good weddin, wat chants Maria won't git agane, nevver.

This is near daylite, an' Ile git out, thoo, for I lit a lot of matches, an' pokt them throo the keehoal, into the parlor, so's to set fire to the carpit, an' the flaim is spreadin' all over.

The firemen oughter be hear soon, to wake up the family an' git me out, or else we may all be burnt up, I guess; ennyhow I hoap not.

### TOOSDY NITE.

MARCH 5.--I am havin' a soar time of it on akount of the plasters ma put on me so I kan't set down, bekaus pa gave me a terrible lickin'.

I wisht I didn't put them matches throo the kee-hoal.

I feel as if thay waz lit, an' I waz rittin' on them now.

My deer noat-book, I will hav to tell you all about it, cause no-buddy won't even se much as look at me no moar, an' I hav got the noashun to swaller a fish-boan, an' dye, so's to git out of my miserry.

First I thort that the hous waz a-goin' to git burnt up, an' I wood git swep out with the rubbish, an' put in the ash-barrell.

But pa had a bad fit, which came frum somethin' he drunk, an' waz fidgettin' up an' down the floor all nite, an' smelt the smoak.

He kaim down to the parler, an' I thort I better yell for him to go an' git the fier-ngine to put it out, which I don.

He kaim prancin' into the parler in his shirt-tail, an' seen what waz don.

Then he hollered for ma, an' ma hollered for Maria, an' she hollered for Bridgit, an' she took Hsterricks, an' they all hollered together, an' ma dusted up-stares to save the babey.

Nobuddy hollered for me; I had to holler for myself.

"Get me a buckit of worter!" pa bellerd.

"Squate the hoas on it!" ses Maria.

"Le' me out of this room!" I skreecht.

Bridgit went an' got a ax, an' bustid in the doar, pa begun to fier the furnicher at the burnin' karpit, an' Maria bellered, an' ses we didn't hav no inshurence, an' swared that Mr. Leek must hav don it to hav reveng for what I don to him.

Pa ses he'd hav Mr. Leek's life, an' when I com out I told pa I hurd him muter that he wood set the house afier.

Bridgit went an' got a pale of worter an' that settled the fier.

Lots of things waz broken an' a lot of things waz spoilt with the worter, an' the fier burnt a big hoal in the karpit.

Pa figgered it up this way:

Loss of furnicher	-	-	-	-	\$30.00
" karpit, sicks yards	-	-	-	-	24.00
" brick-a-bats	-	-	-	-	40.00
" paint	-	-	-	-	2.50

Total - - - - \$96.50

Wen I sprung Mr. Leek on them I felt prittey saif, as I knowd they wood berlieve he don it all jist out of spite.

Ma waz goin' to chuck the babey out of ther secking-storey winder to saiv its life from the fier, she waz so ixcited, but Maria jist run into hur room in time to pervent it, wich saved funeril ixpences.

Pa went into my bedroom to see if ennything waz burnt, wen whot should he see but the rest of the maches I waz usin'!

I wisht I waz a peace of tripe.

If I waz, I could hav tied myself up in a not, an' gorn throo a krack in the floor, as soon as I seen pa find them maches.

He pickt them up, an' then he seen one stickin' in the kee-hoal.

That settled it.

I waz ixposed!

"You don it!" he ses kinder suddin.

"I didn't!" I ses.

Then I dodged, but he ketched me by the neck.

Wop went his han' ag'in my ear, an' he hauled of an' maid a terribul kick for me which I iskaped, an' his bair foot struck the winder, an' went throo the glas, an' he swared so orful Maria runned out of the room with hur fingers stuck up hur eares, sos not to heer it.

I runned out in the horl, an' pa came lmpin' after me, fierin' things at me as if I waz a targit, an' ses I wood be the rooin of him.

Bridgit waz comin' down the stares wen I went up with pa after me, an' as I happind to run between her ankels, she sprung oaver my hed, an' landid ker-flop rite into pa's bread-basket, nockt him down the stares, an' they both rolld to the bottum together.

That gav me a chants to git up to the bedroom floar, an' I got in the bath-room an' lockt the doar jist as pa reacht it.

"Come out of thair!" ses pa thumpin' at the pannells.

"You'll hit me if I do!" I ses.

"I'll brake evvery boan in your cussid littel boddy!" ses pa.

"Spair me!" I ses, beginnin' to cry.

"I'll knock all the narnsents out of you!" ses pa, furious like.

I nowed I waz in for it, an' I was desprit, so I ses, as mornfull's if I waz leavin' this wearry vail of tears:

"Then I will turn on the gas, an' you will find my korps in heer!"

An' I did turn on the gas, sos he cood smell it.

It got to chokin' me wile he kep tryin' to brake in the lock, an' pritty soon I fell down on the floar, feelin' awful sick at my stammick.

Pa brok the lock, an' kaim in with a shoe.

He thort I waz foolin' him.

An' he lammed me for all he waz worth.

Jerusalem! How that shoe hurt!

I faintid, caus the gas waz too much for me with the shoe, an' ma kaim in, an' she sed she pulled his hare, an' ses he waz a murderer, an' pickt me up in hur arms, an' put me in hur bed, an' sent Bridgit for the dockter, whoo soon kaim in, an' ses I waz verry bad off.

I kaim to, an' they maid me talk some awful medisen, an' pa kried an' promist to git me a vealosipead, kandy, an' evvery thing I worntid.

They all went down to breckfist after awille an' lef me aloan, an' I got out of bed an' poord out the jin from pa's bottle, an' filled it up with cariseen out of the nite-lamp. which wood malk him as sick as he maid me—at leest, I hoaped he wood be sicker'n I waz.

He alwaz talks a eye-openner in the mornin' out of that botel, an' this time I thort he will git the jim-jams shoor.

Wen they caim up-stairs, I maid b'leeve I faintid, sos they wood not 'spect that I don annything; but instid of that, what should pa do but run over to the botle of cariseen an' try to maik me talk some!

He ses to ma that jin wood bring me two.

I had to come two orful suddin', an' fit like blazes to keap it out of my mouth, but it wazn't no use, cause pa got hold of me by the noas an' the botle waz pokt into my mouth wen I opind it to breathe, an' he poored a lot of the nastey stuff down my throat.

I thort my livver wood come up.

Ennyhow the souls of my feet nearley did.

Then ma notised the smell of the cariseen an' screecht.



"O! That ain't no jin, John Thomas Boggs!"

"Yes, it is," he ses. "I had it filled myself las nite at Muldoon's."

"O!" ses ma cuttin', "so that's were you got your load, hey?"

I waz yawkin' orfull, so pa ses to sen for the dockter again, but ma ses a man must a been pritty bilin' not to know the differin'ce between jin an' cariseen, an' wile pa scratcht his hed an' lookt kinder silly, ma perseedid to wipe out my mouth with one of Maria's stockin's.

Pa swared he wood wipe up the floar with Muldoon when he seen him, an' then sed he wood go aroun' to his serfoon rite away to do it, but ma waz two flip for him, cause she knowed he wood hav to by a lot of Muldoon's licker an' drink it first to git his monkey up.

So she an' him had a fight on the spot, an' he went to his offis in a bad youmer and ma 'tendid to me all day.

I got plasters put on me in the afternoon, an' then ma went down town to go shoppin', which is to git a spool of cotton an' hav sent hoam in the dry-goods man's wagon. an' hang up the bill so's pa can pay it with a chek, after thay malk him do it with a offiser.

Babey an' Maria went with ma, so me and Bridgit waz all lef-alone.

I couldn't set down so I had to stan' up when I got out of bed, an' I went down stares so's not to malk a noise, an' see what Bridgit waz doin' in the kitchin an' to git somethin' to eat.

Thare waz Bridgit leanin' out the basemint winder talkin' to Pat Sullivan, the cop what walks our block, on hoo she is sweet.

He waz askin' hur to go to a moon-lite pickuick up in Harlem with him, an' she says yes, she wood sneek out an' go after all the fambly waz gorn to bed; an' then she went down in the seller an' brung up a botle of pa's best Port wine an' handid it to Pat, an' ses for him to drink it and she wood say the botle broke an' she pitcht it away.

That waz a meen way to treet my pa, so I thort I wood try to git even with hur, an' tell pa how I took his part, which wood pleas him.

I sneaked into the kitchen, an' thare waz the chants.

The soop was cookin' on the stoav, an' as I hurd pa say that the Democrats waz in it this time I thort I'd look an' see, but they wazn't thare, an' I thort if the soop waz spoilt Bridgit wood git blaimed.

That wood be rervenge for stealin' pa's Port wine.

I dumpt all the cockroaches out of the trap which I found under the sink into the pot, an' hoaped that they wood not choak nobody wen they ett them for supper, which waz a good pracktikle joak.

At least, I thort so then.

Afterwards I emptied a botle of musiledge into the pertaters, an' the gater-blackin' into the turkee, wich waz reddy to put in the oven.

Then I went up-stares to see what wood happen.

I hoaped that the fambly wood not git sick, but waz afraid that they wood, an' then I got skared that they mite dye too.

Enryhow it waz too lait to do anything.

Pa, ma, an' Maria an' the babey all kaim hoam together, an' I wated to heer the surkiss frum what I don.

By'm-by pa kaim up-stares, an' then ma, an' then Maria, an' last of all Bridgit, an' all stood aroun' my bed an' stared at me, an' my hart com up in my throate, an' I peeked at them all to see the efeckt of what I don, an' pa ketched me by the ear.

"You're a smart Al'ck," he ses, "an' I'm a-goin' to whang the everlastin' stuffin' out of your hide for spilin' our supper, I am. Bridgit seen what you waz doin' an' didn't cook the stuff what you fixed," ses pa, "but cooked another one an' told us all about it. Git up!"

My hart sunk; the joak waz a failyur.

I tried to tell him what I don it for, but he wouldn't listen to me, but yanked me out of that bed quickern greased lightnin' an' totd me down to my own room, where he sed I wazn't so sick as I pertended, an' then he nearly plugged the life out of my hide with a strap, an' I will nevvver try to do him a good turn again as long as I live.

It is tuff that a littel feller like me shood hav such hard lines 'speshilly when he tries to do what is rite.

#### WENS DY, MIDNITE.

MARCH 6.—Pa brung me to the theater to-nite, an' we sat in the bald-headed men's roe so's to see the ballet dansers better, an' I lafft to notis how pa's eyes stuck out. how much he grinned, and once to see him wink at one of the ladys what danced on her toes.

Pa mus' be a dandy among the wimmen folks, 'caus the lady winckt too, an' smiled an' noded her head sideways.

Pa had a big bokay, an' as soon as she don that I seen him take a kard out of the pockit of his koat an' rite on it:

"MISS CORA PHEE, No. 3."

Then he turned the kard oavver an' on the other side he put down, wile I peekt oavver his showlder, these words:

"Meat me after the show at the resturant for supper; seckond table, left, without fale. Please anser; yours trooly, John Thomas."

I thort it waz verry funney that pa did not put all of his naim, an' I waz wonderin' wat he waz goin' to meat the lady for, wen I seen him call one of the ushers, hand him the bokay an' kard an' hurd him wisper:

"Hear is a quorter to hand up this bokay to that Cora Phee."

He winckt at the usher an' the usher winckt at him, an' took the quorter an' the bokay—the money quicker'n the flowers, I guess.

"Pa," I ses, "what are you goin' to meat hur for?"

"Meat hoo?" he ast, an' his face got orfil red.

"Why, Miss Cora Phee, of cors," I ses.

My! How he did snap me up on that.

"I aln't!" he says, actin' nurvis.

"But I red that kard," I ses.

Pa's a corker.

"Oh!" ses he. "That kard, eh? Why, my son, that's for a fren of mine."

I knowed he was stuffin' me, but as I promist him to be a good boy if he took me to the show, I did not warnt to say two match; so I shut up, an' woched the play a littel wile more, till the cock-eyed usher kaim bak, an' handed pa a noat, writ on pink papir, which he opind.

He got so interestid he didn't see me reedin' it, two.

This is wat it sed, in fine, muskeeter-web ritin':

"DEER JOHN THOMAS:—Menny thancks for your luvley bokay. I will meat you in the resturant at 'leven o'clock. I ware blak aklose, an' vail dittow, to talk super with you, as you ast me in your noat.

"CORA PHEE."

Pa red that noat throo three times, lafft an' chukeld, an' sed somethin' about foolin' his ole hen at hoam, wich maybe waz ma; but he sed it softly, an' he put the noat in his koat pecket.

Then he begun to pull the wiskers growin' under his chin, an' slick his hare, wat litle waz lef oavver his ears, an' put his opera glas up to his eyes, an' make moshuns to Miss Cora Phee, wich had the bokay.

"Pa's a gamey ole rooster," I thort. "I doan't blive that noat waz don for another feller at all. He wornts to git a mash, that's wat! If he meats hur, I will tell ma wen we git hoam, an' the fur wil fly pritty lively, shoor, as she is orful gellus of him!"

Miss Cora Phee goodn't talk her eyes off of my pa, all the time that the curtin waz up, an' after the first ackt waz oavver, pa got up, an' ses he wood hav to see a fren of hisn, out in the lobby. I gess he an' his fren had a ball, caus his breth smelld like licker wen he kaim in, an' he waz chewin' a kloav.

Wen he sat down on his koat, wich he took off, the noat he got frum the lady fell out on my lap, an' I pickt it up, an' waz for givin' it back to him, wen I thort I wood keep it, an' show it to ma.

Pa didn't know he lost it.

The nex' ackt pa went out to see his fren in the lobby, an' his breth smelt like a brewry wen he kaim back.

He kep' pullin' his sluggers an' makin' sines to the lady; an' jest wen the play waz most oavver he ses to me:

"Petey, your ma waz out callin' on a lady fren' down in the nex' streat, an' she is goin' to meat us in the parler of the Gran' Onion Hotel. I will bring you their, an' you kan tell her that I hav got to tork to a fren' of mine about the stock markit an' will join her in a little wile. It's the feller what I met in the lobby, you onderstan'."

"All rite, pa," I ses. "But it ain't to have supper with that acktris, is it? I woodn't worn't to miss that feed for a farm——"

"Don't be a fool!" ses pa, gettin' mad.

"I ron't, pa," I ses.

"You doan't worn't to be sent away to a boardin'-school, do you?"

"No, pa," I ses quick, 'caus that alwuz scart me teribul.

"Well, I hav' thretend you often, hav'n't I?" he ast.

"Yes, pa. Don't do it," I ses.

"Then promis me that you won't say nuthin' about wat you seen."



"I promis," I ses.

"Hear's a dime to buy a ball with," he ses.

"Oh, that ain't enuff," I ses.

"How mutch do you worn't?" he ast.

"A doller," I ses.

He grooned, but he gav' it to me.

When the play waz ovver we lef' the theater together, an' he took me up to the parler of the hotel, where he lef' me an' went away.

He was onley gorn a few minnits wen ma kaim in an' seen me.

"Why, were is your pa?" she ast.

I felt sorrey for hur, an' I up an' told hur all wat happind.

"Heer is the noat," I ses wen I finishd, an' I gav' it to hur.

Jimminey Cripps! Wat a look waz on hur faice then!

It waz so ugley that it must hav paid hur.

She grabed me by the han' an' yanked me out of the parler into the streat, an' ast me were the restarent waz, an' I sed I gesst it waz the one nex' door to the theater, so we went thair.

"The ole, buk-toothed, gay Lothario!" ses ma desprit like. "The nock-nead viper! The hump-baked ole tarrier! He fix his muttin!"

Then she saild into the restarent an' lef' me outside lookin' throo the winder and hoopin' that no dishes wood git smasht.

The restarent waz filld with peeple, an' I got inside by the doar.

There sat pa at one of the tabels, an' the minnit he seen ma he gump't up an' maid hur a bow an' ses:

"Ah, my deer Cora Phee, I am so glad you didn't furgit me!"

Then I seen that ma had on a blak soot an' wear a dark vail, wich wood make hur look jist like the acktriss—annyhow, pa thort she waz hur, an' ma tumbeld to it rite away an' foold him by noddin'.

"Set rite down," ses pa, offerin' ma a chair, an' I seen that the ole man waz about haff loaded—blinkey-eyed from bein' near sited, an' derseaved by ma's looks like blazes.

Ma sat down, an' pa ses orful sweet:

"I waz so glad you got my bokay an' noat. But order wat you wornt an' we will wash it down with a bottle of shampain, caus my ole geezer is watein' for me at the Gran' Onion Hotel an' may kikk if I keap hur thair two lorng, my dear——"

"John Thomas!" ses ma, an' she slung bak hur vail an' ariz to hur feat like if she waz a actriss herself.

Grate hevvin!

Sich a yell as pa gav, an' then he tumbled bak.

"Jemima!" he gasped, en' he lookt as if a Iseburg hit him.

"Falls, shamfill man!" skreecht ma, an' evverybuddy lookt at them.

"For hevvin's saik, shut up!" groond pa, moppin' his hed like sixty.

"Nevver!" ses ma. "He ixpoas your villunney!"

She shook the noat I gav hur under his noas, an' he sed implorin':

"Wate till we git hoam!"

"Not a minnit!" skreecht ma. "You call me your ole geezer, do you? You maik dates to leav the bussom of your fambly to meat Cora Phees in resterants, an' give them suppers an' shampain, do you? An' you a man of near sixty? An' you the father of three children! Shame on you, John Thomas Boggs—shame on you!"

Evverybuddy lafft fit to bust, an' pa tryd to creap under the tabil, but ma grabed him by the coller an' held him tite.

I felt verry sorry for pa.

Gust then a grate big man kaim in an' lookt aroun'.

The minnit he sat eyes on pa he maid a rush for him.

"Gosh hang you," he ses, as he grabbed pa by the hare, "so you're the feller what sent a noat to my wife, are you? She showd it to me, she did, an' it waz me what told hur to anser it, so I cood ketch you hear!"

I thort pa wood giv up the gost on the spot, caus the man lookd as if he wood wipe up the floor with pa, an' eat him astrewida.

Maybe ma's a holey terror to the ole man hurselt, but she aint one of the kine to let no one ells touch him, so she jest saled into the acktrisses husbin, an' then their waz a surkiss.

Both pa an' ma got at the feller, an' the dishes on the tabil all waz nockt down, the peeple maid a ring aroun' them, an' the waiters alj picht in, to len' a han' to stop the muss.

I got to skreemin', run ovver to ma, an' a plicemin came in, an' the laddys in the restarent all fantid.

It waz orful iccitemint awhile.

An' all my forlt.

If I hadn't tole ma about the afair, nothin' mite have happind.

Ma waz sot down in a chair by the plicemin so hard her bussel waz masht flat, an' pa waz nocked under the tabil, an' the acktrisses husbin got a black eye, an' run out into the streat, ware he wasnt seen agane.

Evvery buddy waz torkin' at the saim time, makin' a orfull row, but wen the ofisser sed he wood taik in the hull croud, they stopt.

"Errest that man, ofisser," sed pa, an' I seen him wink at the cop, put a fiver in his han', an' say: "He tryd to kil me with a klub!"

"Were is he?" ast the cop.

"Gorn," ses the owner of the plaice.

"Do you no hoo he is?" ast the cop of pa.

"No," ses pa, an' I cood see that he waz glad the man was gorn, "but if you will ketch him, an' sen' him up for sick's monts, I will give you a hundred dollers, an' my ever lastin' blessin' sur."

Then we went out of the restarent, ma cryin', an' pa tellin' her it waz all a groas mistaik wich he cood iexplain wen he arrivd hoam.

That naot waz a sticker for him to git over, thoo, an' wen we got hoam he tryd orfull hard to give ma a fairey storey about it.

She didnt blive him, thoo, an' they had a fite, an' ma went to bed sayin' she wood git devorst as soon as posibul.

Pa got bak at me for givin' him away, an' orlthoo I waz in my bed, an' lookt as if asleep, he did not have no regard for me, but socked into me with a bed slat, an' now I am sorer than I waz befour.

#### THURSDAY NOON.

MARCH 7TH.—I waz almost drownid in the rivver this mornin' by goin' down to the dock with my new fish-poal an' fallin' in.

If a tug-bote hadn't cum alorng jest in time I wood be a stiff.

Wen I cum hoam soppin' wet Bridget ses ma waz up in bed with a pane in hur jore, wich I 'spose kaim from all she sed to pa about las' nite; ennyhow, I wazn't ketched, an' changed my close without bein' seen.

It waz Bridgit's day out, an' she went as soon as she fixed the lansn on the tabil for ma, so I stayd down in the kitchin.

A poor man kaim to the doar, his close all ragid, an' his falce all durtie, an' sed he didn't hav no hoam an' nuthin' to eat, so I 'spose he coodn't wosh himself very well, evven if he worntid to.

I ast him perlite if he woodn't cum in out of the rane an' I wood oblidge, wich he did as quick as he cood.

"Thare's a dinner for you," I ses, an' he set down at the tabil an' wiped his hands on the tabil-kloth, an' sed it waz his salvashun frum the graiv an' hoaped I wood join him.

I sed I wood, but he ett so quick I didn't git nuthin' by the time I got my napkinn reddy, an' wat waz lef' he jamed into his pokit.

"Are you all aloan, leetle boy?" he ast, wen he got don.

"Ma's up stares asleep with the babey, Maria has gorn out, an' to-day is Bridgit's day off," I sed. "Did you like the dinner? I hoap so, 'caus ma sed charity brings a blessin' to the givver. But you didn't leav nun for me an' the rest. We ain't had ourn yet."

"Why didn't you tell me that befour?" he ast.

"Becaus I didn't think you'd eat evverything up," I sed.

"Well, thair must be plenty moar were this cum frum," he ses.

"O, yes," I anserd. "But you're puttin' the spoons an' foarks an' napkin-rings into your pokit with the grub, two."

"Am I?" he ast, sprised. "I am orfull absint mindid."

Then he lookt all aroun', an' he ses:

"Wat a luvly hoam you've got hear, leetil boy."

"O," I ses, "my pa is ritch."

"An' he keaps monney in the hous?" he ast.

"Lots of it," I ses.

"Were?" he ast me verry perlite.

"Upstares," I anserd. "In the trunk in the garrit."

"O," he ses, pattin' me on the hed. "I see. Sho' it to me, will you?"

"With plessur," I anserd. "Foller me up."

"Don't maik no noise," he sed, "caus you mite walk your mamma up."

I sed I woodn't, an' we went up stares as quiet as cood be, an' got in the garrit, were the ole trunk stood with Brigits close in it.

It waz all a goak; there waznt no munney in it at all, but I thort I wood fool him, on acount of all the dinner he ett up.

"Thair it is," I sed, pointin' at the ole trunk.



"Were is the kee?" he ast.

"Doun in pa's buroo draw," I sed.

"If you will git it for me," he sed, "I will giv you haff of the munney, an' you kin by a poney with it."

"An' wont pa fine it out?" I ast.

"Nevver," sed the man. "But maik no noise. If your mamma finds us out she wood giv you a teribul beetin'. Do you onderstan?"

"I wont maik no soun'," I sed, an' I went doun stares.

Wen I got doun, I thort I wood give ma a skair, so I went into hur room, an' shook hur, an' sed in a wisper:

"Ma, git up, will you?"

"Wat do you want, you bad boy?" she ast, gittin' up.

"The cat's got up in the garret," I ses, "an' is goin' on dredfil."

"Well, why don't you chaise it out?" she ast me.

"I can't. It's get under the floar," I anserd.

"Then wate hear, an' I will git it out," sed ma.

She took the poker an' went up the garrett stares, wile I laid low, reddy to skoot doun-stares as scon as she got skaired at the ragid man wich waz in the garrett watin' for me to cum up with the kee.

The minnit ma got up in the garrett she seen the felloe.

"Murder!" she skreecht. "Boiglers! Theevs! Help!"

Then she run doun the stares, full split, the ragid man after hur, but ma ran the fastist, an' wen she got doun she slamed the doar shut an' lockt it fast on the outside, an' skreecht for me to go git a plice-man to take him in, wich I did as soon as posibel.

The ragid man waz out in the hawl wen I got bak frum the korner with the ofiser, on akount of brakin' the garrett doar doun.

The pliceman ketched him, an' pulled out of his pokit all the silver wair wat he took doun in the dinin'-room at the tabil.

Ma went to the stashup hous to maik a charg, an' wen I waz all bye myself I thort that ma would wallop me for letin' the ragid man in, so I lockt all the doars an' winders, an' wen she kaim bak, I woodn't opin nuthin' to let hur git in agane.

I wazn't goin' to git a lickin' if I cood pervent it.

She banged an' poundid at the doar for a long time, but I crep in the parler an' hid under the peano to be saif for awhile.

"They will brake in the doar pritty soon," I thort to myself, "an' if I doan't do somethin' for myself, I will git a lickin'. But wat?"

I ran up-stares to ma's bedroom, an' there waz the chance.

"Ma luvs that skinney babey bettern all the woild," I ses to my self, "an' if I keep the babey into my poure I will have hur at my mercy."

I waz thinkin' how to do it wen I seen a close-line out the winder, wich ran out to a hy poal in the bak of the yard.

So I took the babey up frum his krib, opind the winder, an' with a extree peace of roap I tyed him to the lowest line an' drawed on the other one, pullin' him out till he hung doun like some durty old close.

Ma wouldn't know were to look for him now, I waz shoor.

Then the doar was broak by one of the naybers, an' ma got in, an' calm lookin' for me, sayin' I waz a verry bad boy, an' that she waz goin' to give me a dressin' up wat I wood not forgit in a hurrey.

She foun me hid in under the peano, an' pulled me out by the leg; but jest as she waz a-goin' to nock the duff out of me I sed:

"Bewair! Hit me at your perril!"

"Wat do you meen by lockin' your pour mother out?" she ast.

"Well, I wazn't goin' to git no thumpin'," I sed.

"You're got a giltey conshuns," she sed, an' she gav me a bang.

"I woodn't a-let the man in if you didn't tell me that charity is a blessin' to the giver," I sed. "So how cood I rerfoos the ragid man to cum in an' eat? Was I to no he wood eat all the dinner up?"

"What! Did he eat our dinner too?" skreecht ma, giving me another.

"Didn't even leav me a krum," I sed regretfill.

"Then that's how he happind to steal our silver, eh?" she ast.

Then I seen that I gived myself clean away about somethin' she didn't no ennything about, an' it maid me sick at my stummick.

"Tain't no use to deny it," I sed. "That's how it waz don'."

"You wate till your father cums hoam!" sed ma.

"No, I won't," I sed. "I'll run away frum hoam."

"Wat! How dare you threaten me that way?" she skreecht like a wissle. "Do you forgit I am your mothur."

"No, I doan't," I ses, "an' I ain't goin' to git no lickin neether."

"We shell see," she anserd, an' I got a wopper on the furred.

"That settles it," I sed. "Good-bye to the babbey now."

"O my chiled!" she skreecht as she 'membred it.

"It's gorn!" I sed, tragick stile.

Then I jurked myself away frum hur, an' got in the doorway.

"Wat have you done with my chiled?" she hollered, almos' in a fit.

"You won't nevver see it agane," I sed, "onlese you promis' not to tell pa on me. Fairwell to the kid, ma."

Ma lookt awfil fritend, an' run up-stares two at a time, an' wen she got in hur bedroom an' seen that Baldy (the babbey) waz gorn, she cum tarin' back to the parler agane, wavin' hur arms an' howlin' tuff.

I skinned doun the stares, tumbild an' walsed into the haul on my ear, no boans broke, face peeled, an' a lump on top of my hed; but I got up befour she got her flippers on me agane, an' ran out in the street.

I got orfil fritend then.

So I sed I woodn't go bak, but wood run away from hoam.

If I weat bak agane, I wood git sich sock-dolligers it wood nock me silley, an' I didn't wornt nun of that, I waz pritty shoor.

I worked up-toun to Sentril Park, an' went in to see the munkeys, an' I forgot all about our babbey hangin' to the close-line, wich mite brake an' let him forl doun to the stoans on the yard paymint.

All I thort on waz the lickin' I waz shoor to git from ma an' pa.

The munkeys waz orful kewt things, an' they lookt so funney an' playfill, I poakt my finger in the kaig to skratch one's hed like our Polly, but the litel son-of-a-gun bit my finger!

I skreemd.

A man got it off.

Then I skootid out, suckin' the bite.

Thair waz a yard with elerfunts, kamils, bairs an' dears wat I wood like to hav a ride on; an' I playd thair wile the plaice waz opin.

It got nite after a wile, an' I startid to go hoam to see how the land layd, also to get super, as I waz pourfill hungerry too.

I took the wrong path, an' then I waz lorst for a long time, an' the park got very dark, and I kep' gettin' afraider all the time.

I got orfill tired out, an' I kumeaced to krye, caus I was lorst, an' the rane got worss all the time I walked alorng.

I foun a sumer hous after a wile, an' thair I went inside an' set doun till a officer kaim an' ast me kwesshuns, wat I anserd.

Then I waz brung to the animel plais again, an' they telergraft to pa, an' he soon kaim in a kab, an' huged me an' kryed.

He sed the plice waz skowerin' the hull citty for me, as I waz lorst, an' that ma waz half looney as the babey coodn't be found yet.

An' thair it waz hangin' to the closeline all the time, if it did not fall off, I thort, so I told pa wat I done with Baldy.

He was orfill skaired, sed I would be the death of my parents, an' he hurried to get me into the kab, an' we went home agane.

He left me in ma's arms, both of us cryin', an' he rusht up-stares an' pulld in the kloas-line, an' thair waz the babbey, still rapt in the blankitt, yellin' like furey, soakin' wet, but all O. K.

They waz glad to git me bak, babbey dittow, so I didn't git lickt.

## FRYDY.

MARCH 8th.—Ower skinney kid's near ded with a kole it kort in the rane, an' I gav it a glas of roc an' rie, like pa talks wen he has kold, but I gess the doas waz too mutch, it got so stoopid.

Thay doan't no wat is the mater with it, an' think it is goin' to kroak, so I won't say nuthin' about wat I don.

A orgin-grinders munkey kaim in the winder for a penny, an' I tyed Maria's bussle on it, an' hit it with a hammer wich broke its tale, an' it gumpt out on a fat man wich waz passin' bye.

I gess a amberlents took away the orgin-grinder, the fat man an' the munkey, afterwids; ennyhow tooth-piks is all wats lef of the orgin.

The grossery boy kaim in with a bushell of koal on his shoulder, as ourn gav out, an' waz goin' doun the seller stares with it, wen our kat gumpt out of my arms on the baskit, on akount of the pin I stuck in its laig. The grossery boy got to the botum under the koal; I think the kat skipped out of the seller throo the shoot.

The klam-pedler kaim bye sellin' cod-fish, an' ma bort some musils frum him wich I am verry fond of, an' she sed I coodn't have nun on akount of my wikked waze, I swiped some wen Bridgit waz not lookin'.



I waz goin' to have a feest, but as ma near ketcht me, I slipt them into the pokit of Maria's dress, wich the dres-maiker gust brung in an' lade on the tabil; an' wat shood I do but fergit 'em.

The new minstre kaim in this afternoon, an' Maria had to dress in sich a hurey, she didn't notis the smel of the musils till she waz in the parler torkin' to him awile, an' he ast her if she'd ben fishin'.

She smelld it too, an' pulld out hur hankerchiff wich brung out the musils with it all cver the floar.

I reckon the minister thort the perfoom wazn't Jokey Klubb.

I bort a hors to-day with pa's dimind studd.

Pa's ben promisin' to git me a poaney so menney times that wen he lyed to me about it the last leven times I waz ust to it, an' didn't pay no attenshun to it, but maid up my mind to git it myself, so I layd lo till this afternoon, wen I found his studd on the buroo of his room.

He sed it waz wuth five hundrid dollers.

I skoopt it, an' as it waz wuth so much, I thort it waz as good as munney enney time of the weak, an' setild on the hors I worntid.

It waz the one wat Jake Blinkstine's farthur used to hav to drive the stoan kart with, wen thay waz gradin' the streat, an' I seen it in Isick Sollermun's sail staibal up the streat.

After diner I went up thair, an' Isick sed to me:

"Helloe, Petey, vot do you vornt to-day?"

He is a Poal, my pa ses, wich maiks him so fillthey.

"I wornt to bye a hoars," I anserd.

He lafft, an' skrud up his eye.

"Vot kind?" he ast me.

"Jake's father's hors," I sed, an' he lafft agane.

"How mutch you vill geef for him?" he ast me.

"This studd," I anserd, shoin' it to him.

"Vere you got dis ting?" he ses, grabbin' it quik.

"O, I foun' it," I sed.

I waz skaird he wood tell pa if I tole him the trooth.

He lookt at it a good deal, an' to maik shoor, I sed:

"I waz tole that it waz worth at least five hundrid dollers."

He lookt awfil sli, an' he sed to me:

"Dat hors is vort more, but I geef him to you for it, if you don't tell somebody were you got de studd, Petey."

It waznt verry likeley I wood tell pa at wunce, an' as I worntid that hoars powerfill bad, I sed all rite, an' then he maid out a bil of sail for me an' tole me to hide it for a long time, that he wood taik kair of the hors for me for at leest too monts, an' that I kood kum in an' taik a ride enney time I want, in the day.

I sed I worntid a ride then, an' he ast me if I waz ust to ridin' on hoarsbak, wich I sed I waz, an' then thay brung out a sadil an' a bridil, an' put them on the hoars's bak for me.

Isick listid me up on the sadil, an' gaiv me a stik. an' the hors startid off down the streat with me at a run.

I begun to slip an' got skaird, an' twistid my arms aroun the nek, but the gouncin I got waz dredfil in the extream.

A waging went by, a dorg barkt at his heals, an' a boy fyerd a stoan wich waz enuff to skair enney hors to deth, like it don this wun, for he fareley wizzed alorng, reered up his heals an' snortid.

Evvery wunce in a while his nek wood bunk me on the noas, till it got bloatid up like a sorsidge.

I hollerd to him to stop caus I worntid to git of, but he woodn't wo at all, an' it got to be orful the way I waz slammed up an' down.

Then I begun to yell for somebuddy to stop him, but thay all lafft an' I gurkt at the rains, till my han's waz all soar to the boan.

I don't see wy people is so krueel as to see a litel feler like me allmoast split his straddil without helpin' him to stop.

Gust as I got to the korner of Markit streat, hoo shood I see but pa cummin' up towards hoam with another briek in his hat.

He seen me, two, an' after he got oarver his s'prise, he shook his kain, an' startid out into the midle of the streat to help me.

The ole plug wat I waz on shied, danst on his hind laigs, an' boltid into a krokkerry stoar with pa after him.

In a minnit I waz eeroundid with shours of diches an' glasswalr.

The man wat keeps the p'lice kaim into the stoar frum the bak room, an' the air got bloo with the way he swared at me an' the hors.

"Saiv my boy!" my pa hollerd.

"Saiv my things!" the stoar man hollerd.

All the time the noise the brakin' glas an' chiner maid kep skarrin

the hors worsen an' worsen, an' pa lammed him with his kain, an' kort me by the foot an' pulled my boddy off of his bak.

Then the hors waz drivin out of the stoar, leevin' it a reck, an' the man kollerd my pa, an' sed he wood hav to pay the damidges.

Pa hit the hors with his kain, an' the hors run away, an' pa told the man to go to blazes, an' he took me away hoam agane.

Wen we got thair, he sed to me with teers in his eyes:

"You bad boy you have rooined me with that krokkerry man's bil, an' we will all go to the poor hous befoar long with you. Were in thundir did you git the ole plug you waz ridin' on?"

Gust then ma kaim runnin' down stares, an' grabbin' pa, she sed:

"O, John Thomas, we have been gittin' robbed by bolglers!"

"Good hevvin, wat is the matter?" pa ast awful skairt.

"Your stud is gorn!" groond ma.

"Ware?" ast pa, lettin' me go an' gumpin' up.

"The Lord only noes," ses ma, sinkin' down in a chare.

I waz tryin' to slyde out of the room wen pa seen me.

I gess thare waz somethin' in my faice wat told him I knowd about the studd, caus he ketcht me an' he ses in a terribul raig:

"Didn't you taik it, you cussed little sinner?"

Sometimes I think I aint got no conshunts, an' that I am a verry bad boy all the way throo, but wen I seen pa's eye on me that way, an' thort of all the damidge I don, my kurrige failed me.

I waz gust goin' to own up wen pa sed in tender toans:

"Remember Jorge Washintin, my sun, an' nevvver tell a lye. If you are onist, I will treet you betern if you give me a breeze."

"I will tell the trooth," I sez, thinkin' that pa had a good hart.

"That's rite—be onist, skware, an' uprite," sez pa, "an' you will alwuz git alorng in the world, as a Krischun sittersin."

"I hookt the dimind," I ses.

Then pa riz an' hit me a kick wat near parelized me.

"You gosh blamed littel theef!" he yelld.

That boot is wat maid a changed boy of me ever sence.

It dont pay a feller to jege by perrenses, nohow, caus pa lookt jist like a angell wen he pumpt me.

If evver I git in a fix agane, I am goin' to lye like a snoozzer, an stik to it like a poress-plaster.

I bit pa's laig, an' that maid him houl dreadful.

He yelld to ma to poor bilin' worter on my hed, but she waz out in the haul to anser the basemint doar-bell wat just then rung.

"Le' go of me!" skreemd pa, dancin' aroun on one laig.

I cooldnt tork. caus I had his hull kaff in my mouth, it seamed, but ma kaim in with a kauller, wichs voice maid me gump.

It waz Isick Sollermun.

"Dis dimind is maid out of palst!" he sed, awfill mad, "an' I giv your boy a five hunderd doller hors for it. Gimme my hors!"

But the hors waz gorn.

"Wat!" sed pa, almost krusht. "Did he give you that studd for the animile I ketcht him ridin' on jist now?"

"Yes, an' he sed he foun' it!" sed Mr. Solomon. "Befour I wood ware a ole peese of glas like this, I wood drop ded!"

"Sir, ses pa rilin' up, "that is my own studd!"

"I don't care hoo own it," sed Isick Solerman. "I wornt back my hors, an' no foolin' about it neether!"

An' he flierd down pa's stud on the tabil an' cummenct to sware.

Pa waz jest flerin' him out the doar wen in kaim the krokkerry man with a bill a yard lorng for diches wat the hors broak, an' sed if pa didn't pay him he wood hav a soot on his hans wat he woodn't like.

That maid pa madder an' madder, an' he saled rite into the too of them, but thay jined forses an' plicht into pa, an' he had a triflick tassill with the too of them in the airy.

All the naybers kaim in, an' thay sed pa waz off on another of his toots, an' helpt the krokkerry man an' the Poal.

It jest did me a heap of good to see them punch the ole man till he got a shiner on boath of his eyes, an' the kikk he gaiv me felt a site better than it did befour.

Ma faintid ded away, so she coodn't help him nun, an' the patroall waggin waz callid up by the baikker, an' the three of them waz all took away, tryin' to pulverize each other.

I thort it wood be best to keap shadey for a while, so I got into my room an' I lockt the doar on the inside.

Wen pa kaim hoam he waz bound oarver to keap the pease, an'



kaim lookin' for me to finnish our tork, but he coodn't find me. I won't cum out till thay pull me out by the hare.

## SATERDY EVENIN'.

MARCH 9TH.—Thare's a nigger boy wat lives in our streat wich they call the Gaim Rooster, hoo is deth on fightin', an' as I didn't git no supper las' nite, an' no breckfst this mornin', I klum out of my bedroom winder, onto the bak shedd, an' went oavver the fents to his yard.

I torkt to him about the best way to git out of my skraip without gittin' a lickin, an' he sed to hit pa with a ax wen he waz asleep.

I doan't think I will; I ain't got the kurridge.

Then I ast him to git me something to eat, an' he sed he wood if I gav him the wotch ma gave me las burthdy, an' as I waz orfill hungry I did an' he got a peace of liver frum his muther, an' I ett it.

Then I went throo his hous to the streat, an' I breethd a sye of re-leaf, for I felt as if I waz fre wunce moar!

Hoo shood I meat but Mr. Obadiah Leek, my systir Maria's bow.

He had a ole krow on his arm, wich he waz goin' to pass bye our hous with, to git Maria gellus of him.

He seen me an' his eyes glaired.

"Hullo, Leek," ses I, "were did you ketch it?"

"Ketch wat?" he snapped at me.

"Wat you're got on your arm," I sed.

"O!" skreemed the ole boan-yard, "hav that imperdint boy ar-estid!"

"You needn't tork," I sed, to skair him. "You're in trubbil, Leek."

"Trubbil?" he ast, "wat trubbil?"

"Breech of promis," I sed.

"I doan't onderstan' you?" he sed turnin' pail.

"Wat!" I sed, foolin' him. "Ain't you hurd the nocse?"

"I explene yourself!" he sed, gittin' fritind.

"Wy, my systir is sooin' you four breech of promis."

"You doan't say," ses he.

"Your naim is mud, Leek!"

I noed he waz a miserley man, an' my woids wood hav effeekt verry tuff.

For a minnit he lookt as if all his teeth waz drawd at wunce, then he sed to the old skairkrow he had, kinder tremblin' like:

"Miss Doosenberry, youle hav to ixkuse me, as I hav got sum verry importint bisniss to tend to. Can you go hoam aloan?"

"Mr. Leek," sed the ole made, "this is a verry rude way to trete a laldy wat you brung out for a walk, 'pon my sakred woid."

"But I must see Miss Boggs at wunce," he sed. "This soot must be stopt, or I am a rooind man, dont cher noe?"

"Wat!" shreekt the ole gal, "hav you got the bras to tell me that you are goin' to call on that Boggs wommin, sir?"

"I've got to," ses Mr. Leek.

"Then go," she ses, fierin his arm away as skornfull as a mewl, "an' nevvver let me klap eye on you agane, you deseatfill felloe!"

An' with that she went off in a kernepshun fit, an' Mr. Leek lookt as if he got ridd of a grate load frum his mind, as well as his arm.

"Petey," ses he in verry mild toans, as he pulld a big pakidge of karermells out of his pokit, "I bort these for that thair chessnut, but I giv them to you if youle talk me too your hous an' try to fix things sos I kin hav a foo minnits konversayshun with Maria."

I glood to them kandys like a rat to cheas.

"I go you," I ses. "Kum on."

Then we went hoam, an' I left him in the parler wile I went up to Maria's room with a rush, to tell hur the noos.

She waz doin' up hur hare, an' puttin on sum she bort with harepins wen I kaim in, an' she skreemd I entered so suddenly.

"So you've kum out of your kalg?" she began.

"Maria," I sed all breathless, "Mr. Leek's here, to see you!"

I thort she'd ixpyre the way she sot down on the bed.

"Mr. Leek," she gasppid as if dreemln—"heer?"

"I brung him into the parler," ses I.

"To see me?" she ast, droppin' hur hare.

"Yes. I've fixt maters for you!"

"How?" she ast, all of a trembel.

"Sed you waz sooin' him for breech of promis."

"Villun!"

"He's skaired of losin' his munney, an' wornts to maik up."

"Grate Peter!"

"Yes," ses I, "big hed heer, Maria!"

"I didn't meen you!" she sed.

I wiltid.

"Hurry an' fix up," ses I, "an' keap up the desepshun, Mollie. It waz me hoo got you in trubbil, an' it wil be me hoo will git you out of it agane. That's fare, ain't it?"

"Petey," ses she, kissin' me an' weapin, "you're a daisey!"

"Maybe I'm a hoodoo," ses I, "but you kin bet you're ole scaks I ain't got no flys on me all the saim."

"Ugh! What slang!" she sed with a shudder.

I dustid down stares, to lock the door, an' keep Mr. Leek frum bak-in' out an' runnin' away; then I went into the parler.

He waz sittin' on the sofer, lookin' verrey bloo, an' I sed:

"Syster will be down jest as soon as she pins on that new hare wat she bort to-day, Mr. Leek, so pleas have pashunts."

The way he smyld he lookt sik.

"Is your pa at hoam, Petey?" he sed, lookin' aroun' kinder skairt.

"Not yet," said I, "but he soon will kome in, an' if you an' Maria ain't maid up, wy I gess Ide better git a ofisser heer to help you."

"O, no nead," sed he, with another sik grin.

I doan't noe how Maria got on hur things so kwik, but she waz doan into the parler allmoast as soon as I waz, an' roshin up to Mr. Leek she grabbed him. He grabbed hur two.

I stood by, an' this is wat I hurd their mouths say.

"Plunk! Plunk! Plunketty-plunk! Ker-skwash! Fizz! Yum!"

I will dror the kurtin.

It made me tyred.

I slid out.

"Petey!"

It waz ma.

She had me by the koller.

"Don't!" I yeld. "Ask Maria. Ask Maria!"

"What?" ses ma.

"Look in thare!" ses I, pointin' at the parler."

"Wat—" she kumments to skreech, but I intrupted with:

"Hush! Don't maik so much noise, or youle spoile evvery thing."

Then she peekt in throo a krak.

"Hoo don this, Petey?" she sed verry sollum.

"I did," sed I.

"God bles you," sed ma, "I thort we'd nevvver marrie her off."

Wen pa kaim in, I thort he wood skin me as he maid a brake for me with a klub; but wen ma told him wat I don, he fergot all about wat I maid him pay for that krockerry an' hors, an' he sed I was boun to be a aldarmin some day, an' a kredit to my kuntry an' frends.

Wat a lukkey thing for me that I happind to meat Mr. Leek in the streat with that ole klock-stopper, the way I did to-day!

Mr. Leek stayd to tee, caus him an' Maria waz made up agane, an' I waz givven the best on the tabil to eat, wich pleezed me verry mutch.

Maria an' all hands must aplayed the gag I gav to Mr. Leek for all it waz worth, for pa an' him waz good frends agane, an' evverything waz as luvly as a June bed-bug, as the sayin' is.

I didnt noe that ma and pa worntid Maria to git married so bad, but I 'spose that his boodle waz a grate indoosemint.

After tee I waz alloud to go down in the basemat after they all waz up in the parler, an' thare waz Bridgit sittin' on her bows lap.

I thort Ide a died wen I gumpt in an' skreecht:

"Chaing kars!" to them.

Pat Sullivan waz on beet in our hous, caus the rounsmin waz not aroun, I gess, an' waz on the beet in moar waze than wun, as he waz beatin' pa outer more of his wine.

He stuk the botil up his bak wen I bownsed in, an' Bridgit maid bleeve she waz huntin' for a breast-pin on the floar, but I wasnt no jay at them kinder fake things, caus I oftin peekt throo the kee-hoal at my systre an' hur bow wen they don the saim thing.

"O!" sed Bridgit, "its onley Petey."

"A foine little bye he is, two," sed Mr. Sullivan.

Then they boath laft.

He took me on his lap instid of Bridgit, then, an' I stuk a pin in him behine his bak to see if he waz as tuff as pa sed he waz.



I gess he waznt.

At least he didn't seam to be the way he gumpt an' hollered.

Then he lookt at the seat of the chare to see if there waz ennything sharp he sat down on, but thair wazn't, I reckon, 'cause he didn't fine nuthin', so he set down more kairfull nex' time.

Bridgit toin'd down the lite, an' we sat in the dark a while, an' I thort I wood play policemin on the Gaim Rooster the nex day an' try to git my wotch bak agane, as ma mite lick me for givin' it away to him. So I draw'd out my pen-knife an' unbenowst to Mr. Sullivan I cut off as menny of his buttins as I kood an' swiped his badg in the dark.

I hoap the captin at the stashun-hous' will not notis it an' ask him if he lorst them things in our hous wen he order be on dooty, lik the rownsmin did a litle wile laiter.

He waz strikin' his klub, so Pat run out verrey suddint, an' I went to the doar an' hurd this konversashun:

"Sullivan, where wuz you?"

"I seen a spishus karackter in Mr. Boggse's airy an' chaist him out."

"I didn't see him nowares, an' I've been stanin rite hear ten minutes by the wotch a-lookin' for you on dooty."

"He passt throo the hous an' went oavver the bak fents."

"O! But ware is your badg an' your buttins?"

"Grate hevvin, thayre gone!"

"Yes—I see thay are. But ware?"

"I had a rassle with the man——"

"O, I ain't no chump. That doan't wosh."

"Are you a-goin' to rerpoart me, rounsmen?"

"Off koors. Go to hedkworters an' rerpoart at wunce."

Mr. Sullivan syed an' went away, an' I went up-stares chucklin'.

#### SUNDY, 7 P. M.

MARCH 10TH.—A verrey misteeryus thing happind to-day, wich near set our hull fambly looney, but it waz my forit, an' I feal giltey.

Evver sents that afair of Miss Cora Phee, ma has bin verrey gellus of pa, an' allwaze surchis his pokits throo in the mornin' befour he is awaik, to see if he has got enney luv leters in them.

I seen this, an' I thort it wood be a goak to rite a leter an' put it in pa's pokit on the sly so ma wood fine it.

O, wy am I a praktickle goakiss?

Wy can't I be a good boy instid of a holey terrer?

But do not let me antiserpait, my deer noat-book, so I will tell you all my sekrits in kwik suckseshun, an' rerleev my minde.

I rote the leter on a peese of Maria's pink sentid papir as follos:

"DEERIST JOHN: I kant ixplane how sorrey I waz that we got seen at the restarent, an' I wood like to meat you agane wen youre ole geezer an' my chump ain't aroun' nowares. Maik a apointmint some-wares. I luv you two mutch to let you go so eazzy. Repli soon.

"Yourse till deth.

"CORA."

Then I put it in pa's koat pokit wen it waz hung on the doar durin dinner las nite, an' wen ma got up this mornin' she foun it.

Holey smoak! wazn't she wyld.

She glaired at it like Mr. Leek glaired at me yistiddy, then she hopt up an' down, shook hur fist at poor pa wich waz aslepe, an' sed:

"Derseevd! Derseevd! He luvv that wommin! He is playin me faltz. He has a intrigg. This is proof of his perfidy. Wat will I do?"

First she waz goin' to sock him in the jore, but she chainged hur mynd, an' I hurd hur say verrey sofley to hurself:

"No! I will wate! I will wotch him, an' ketch him in the ack. Then fairwell to lief—fairwell to hoap—fairwell to evverrything!"

She stufft the anunneymus leter into hur buroo dror, and lokt it.

I koodn't help laffin' wen I thort of pa gittin' woteht all the time now, an' how mad it wood malk him.

That leter waz the first thing that brung on the trubbil, fur it waz playin' rite into a verrey kwear trane of surkimstansis.

The nex thing wat happind waz to-day, wile ori hans waz at dinner ixsept pa, wich waz up in the bath-room koamin' himself with the fine tooth one, wen the frunt doar bell rung sharp an' suddint.

We hurd pa go to the doar, so Bridgit went on waitin' on tabil.

Then we hurd pa let somebuddy in, an' lok the doar, then they torkt in lo toans awile, so lorng. In fack, that ma got up, kuriss.

She waz verrey nurviss, an' spishus oavver that leter she found, an'

seamd to think that the leter an' the persun wich just kauld had sumthin' to do with each uther, somehow.

I went up-stares after hur, leavin' Mr. Leek to finnish diner with my systar aloan, wich pleezed them moar'n if I staid, an' gust as ma got to the hed of the stares, pa kaim out of the bak parler all flusteed up, an' lookin' as if he don somethin' he ortonter do.

"John!" ses ma, "hoo kauld?"

"No wun!" sed pa, moar nurviss than at foist.

"Oh, yes they did!" sed ma, "I hurd the doar-bel ring."

"It waz onley sum one askin' if Tom Kollins livd hear," sed pa.

"But no wun went out agane," sed ma.

"No wun kaim in; we torked at the doar," sed pa.

He kep lookin' giltey all the time thoo, an' ma notissed it.

"It is about that acktriss wommin," I hurd hur muttre.

"Go down too dinner," sed pa, insinuatin' an' jentil.

"No," sed ma, furmley; "you go down an' I will stay in the parler, as you ain't had nuthin' to eat yet, John."

"O, I ain't hungery," sed pa, "an' I wood sooner stay up heer. In fact, Jemima, I wish you wood go out for a while with Petey, an' tell Maria an' hur bow to do so two, as I will hav sum privat bisniss to do with a surtin parte in this hous this afternoon—will you?"

He kep alookin' back into the parler orl the time, an' ma notisst it, wile a spishus look kaim over hur face worst than before.

"No, I won't!" she sed. "This is a verrey straing thing to ask."

"Well," sed pa, fligittin' aroun' verrey oneazzy, "it is a mater wich I kan't ixplain jist now, but I will tell you all about it later on."

Ma thort a litel wile, an' then she smyld as if she had stummik' aik, an' sed in verrey sweet toans to him:

"Orl rite, John; if it is a mater of impoartince to you I will do so as soon as Maria an' Mr. Leek goes out."

So she went up-stares to git on hur things, an' pa skootid into the parler, an' I peekt throo the doar an' seen him go to the klosit near the bak winder, open it on a krak, an' hurd him say to sum wun:

"The koast is allmoast kleeer. My wief is goin' out. Lay lo awile, an' I will fix this thing sos you won't be sean."

"Lor," thinks I, "he haz got sum wun hid in the klosit! I'll tell ma."

So with that I softly went up-stares into the haul, where ma waz peekin' oavver the bannisters, an' I drawd her into the bedroom an' I sed:

"Ma, I gust seen pa torkin' to sum wun wat waz hid in the parler klosit. Don't you giv it away I told you or he will go for me."

"That wommin—that wommin!" sed ma, frantick, an' pulld hur own hare.

"I gess it's that actriss," sed I, to keap up the goak.

"O, Petey, it are hur!" sed ma, wavin' hur arms an' strikin' out.

"Wat a gay derseaver pa is, to be shoor," I sed, to konsoal hur.

"The bald-heded ole kodjer!" she ixklaimed, "He fix him!"

"Wat's to be did?" I ast.

"Will you help your poor hart-broak muther?" she ast me.

"He stan' by you throo mud an' slush!" I sed.

"Then hide somewares, an' stay thair until I sen' for you."

"Wat for, ma?"

"To trap that ole sinner."

"How kin you do it?"

"Wy, He malk bleev go out to stay, an' kum bak in the basemint doar, an' that way ketch him," she anserd.

"Then let hur go!" ses I.

Ma got reddy for the streat, an' I went down in the seller.

In a litle wile Maria an' hur bow went out karidge ridin' an' ma left the hous, an' Bridgit went up to hur room to get a nap as usal.

I got out of the seller an' kaim up into the parler haul klosit, an' hurd ma kum bak by the basmint doar.

Pa waz in the bak parler, an' didn't see ma kum up an' jine me in the klosit. Wen she kaim in I near skairt her imbesile.

She jist got hid, wen we hurd pa say:

"My own dearist sweethart, in zpite of all this trubble, I will be trew to you till deth. My luv kan never be chainged——"

"O, the hippetkrit!" hist ma.

"Nobuddy kin evver part us," pa went on.

"Blaim his ugley hide!" gaspt ma, near krazey.

"I will meat you in Sentril Park at the arssennell, were no wun will



be apt to see us, an' we kin thair plite our troth an' injy a few minits of stolin blis wunce moar——"

"Jest lissen to the beast!" groand ma.

"Your persooers won't think of lookin' thair for you," pa went on, "an' my ole ladie wood nevvver think of lookin' thair for me."

"His old ladie!" snortid ma. "Woodint she thoo!"

"Don't tork so loud, or youle spoile the surkiss!" I wispered.

"God bless an' keap you ferevver," pa continyoud.

Then ma allmost broak loos she waz so mad.

"The imperdint huzzie!" she kryd, hur volc verry hors. "To hav the gall to kum into a desent an' respektibble wommin's hous an' maik luv to hur ole bald-headed an' friskey husbin in this way! O, I kood tare hur eyes clean out of hur hed. Let me out, Petey, let me out!"

"No," sed I. "Wate, muther. Rervenge!"

The doar bel rung jist then an' pa went an' oapind it.

I had a regler tussill to keap ma bak wile this waz happinin', for pa sed kwick an' nurvis as kood be befour he anserd the bell:

"Cheese it! Git into the klosit agane. Sum wun is kumin'."

Then me an' ma had a teribul strugil, an' onley stopt wen we hurd pa in the bak parler agane, an' this time a ladies voice torkin two.

"It is hur?" sed ma.

"My deer Fanny," sed pa, then he wispered somethin.

"O, Mr. Boggs," she replyd, "your words fill me with derlitel!"

"The ole pizen duffer!" groand ma.

"It maiks my hart throb to hav you heer," anserd pa.

"O," she anserd, "how kan I show my apresheashun?"

"Doan't say a woid!" sed pa, laffin'.

"I will—heer—Ile kis you!"

An' ker-smak went her lips agin hisn.

That waz two mutch for ma too stan.

She gav a woop, bustid oppin the klosit doar, an' rusht out.

Thair stood a luvley yong gurl, grabbin' him aroun' the nek.

O, Lor', wat a seen for ma to see, an' I lafft till I split the buttins all orf my pants to see the surkiss wat follered.

Ma saled rite into the gal, an' mite a tared hur to peeses, onley for pa, hoo held hur off at arms distins, an' sed sturnley:

"Bak, foolish wommin, bak, I say!"

"Nevver!" skreecht ma, strugglin' to git at hur.

"It's orl a grate mistaik," sed pa.

"Yes," sed the gal, "a teribul mistaik."

"The prufe of your gilt is verry evverdint!" skreecht ma.

"Lissen!" sed pa.

"You kan't ixkuse yourself!" pantid ma.

"Then I will ixplane," sed a man, an' out of the klosit stept a stileish young feller, an' the prutty gal ran to his arms, an' cryd:

"Hennerly!"

"Fanny!" sed the young feller.

Then thay kisst.

"Ixplane this seen!" sed ma, verry mutch sprised.

"We are sweetarts," sed the young man, "an' I kaim heer to hide from the police, as I near killd a man for insultin' hur. She waz to meet me heer, an' sent me a leter wich your husbin just red, as I showd it to him."

"O!" sed ma. "Then he waz reedin' a luv letter of yourn aloan in the parler heer instid of torkin' to a gal, eh?"

"She onley just kaim in," sed the young feller.

"O!" sed ma with a sye of relief.

"The man I injured refused to maik a charg agin me," said the young feller, "an' Fanny kaim to tell me I needn't hide no moar."

"O!" sed ma agane.

"Hur folks waz oposd to our weddin," said the young feller, "an' we are now goin' to eloop. So we will go now."

Thay went walkin' out then, after thankin' pa, an' wen we waz aloan agane ma sed to pa:

"She kist you!"

"Yes; out of gratertood for helpin' my young friend, wen I told hur in a wisper that he waz hid in the klosit."

"Wy didn't you let me into the sekrit?" ast ma.

"I wood, if you watid long enuff," sed pa. "I first worntid to fix things hunk for my frend."

"An' this leter, wich I foun in your pokit?"

"Was writ by that bad boy, Petey—I noe his writin' You was foold," sed pa, laffin', aftur he lookt at the letur I rote.

Ma got mad as a hornit, an' lookt for me, but I waz gorn like a shadder, an' sins then I've been dodgin' hur, as I noe wat to ixpekt.

### TEN O'KLOK.

MARCH 14.—My deer noat-book: it is three days sins I had a chants to poor out my trubbils into your ear, on akount of the banty-legd guriller, wat keeps the museyum neer killin' me Mundy nite.

This is how it hapind:

Maria waz so glad that I brung bak Mr. Leek to hur, that she gav me a dyme so I kood go to the sho, wen I ast hur for it, an' I took the chants to go in the afternoon matinee.

A terribul fat wommin wat stood neer the human skelertin waz wat first drawd my attenshun, an' I spoak to hur.

"You're a daisy kureyoserty!" I sed. "Ain't you stuff anney, ma'am?"

She turnd aroun', an' glaird at me dredfil.

I wazn't skaird at all, an' I sed to hur verrey perlite:

"You look as if you wayd 800 pounds, like the sho bils say, but I wood like to feal of your arm, to see if it is all jenyowine."

"Kunfoun' your imperdince!" she sed, gittin' red in the fais.

I maid a grab for hur, however, an' ketcht hur by the boddey, for I waz goin' to asssure myself that she wazn't no fake fat wommin.

She horld off an' puncht at me, an' I dodged.

"Git away from me, you brat!" ses she, allmoast chokin' with raig.

"O," sed I, keapin' hold, "I ain't goin' to git bluft by no skin gaim."

"Ile hav you arrested!" she sed.

"Wat for?" I ast her.

"I ain't no kureyoserty, Ime the managers wifel!" sed she.

I thort Ide drop dead.

But I let go of hur, an' wile the kroud lafft, I skipt away.

At the uther end of the room waz the lepperd-boy—that litle nigger, the game rooster with durtey spots on him, wich I spit on my finger, an' tryd to rub off.

It left blak streaks ware my finger rubd, so I knoed he waz painted.

He tryed to hit me with a mop wich a skrubbing-womin karied with a pale of worter, so I snacht the pale of durtey worter frum hur an' picht it all oavver him, pale an' all, as it waz too hevvey to hold.

Then he lookt jist like pa's stript pants, for the wite paint ran down oavver his blak boddey, haff wosht off.

"Wot a sell," sed a man, an' evveryboddey sed the saim.

The lepperd-boy hollerd for the manager an' he kaim, but I didn't want to git bounced, so I kairfilley maid traks for anuther part of the room, the kroud hidin' me a good deal, wile the manager hurried to talk the lepperd-boy out of the room, an' paint him oavver, I gess.

I seen that he waz the Gaim Rooster, wich had my wotch for the pease of livver, but I didn't let on for feer he wood lay for me.

Ime ruther skaird of the Gaim Rooster, caus he is a verrey hard nut, an' kin lick enney boy in our streat.

A bald-hedded man with a wart on his noas, stood in frunt of a dwarft wich sat on a tabul, an' as he had a verrey good fais, I sed to him as softly as a suthern zefler:

"Say, mister, wat do you think of its jiblets?"

"Hey!" sed he, puttin' his hand to his ear.

"Wat do you think that false orter bring in a orkshun sail, for a kuntrey skair-kro?" I sed, pointin' at the ugglely lilil dwarft.

"Orkshun?" sed the man, lookin' puzild.

"Wat's the mater—are you deaf?" I ast him a litle louder.

"I don't heer verrey well," sed he.

I forgot then that the dwarft kood neer me, an' I sed:

"Raffill that kromo off, an' Ile taik a chants for a cent, to use it for a nitemare. Will you go me, ole feller?"

I guess the dwarft didn't like it.

Ennyhow, he wantid to hit me dredfil bad.

"Blast you," sed the man with the wart on his noas, "he's my son."

I thort a oithquoik kaim.

The man's boot did, ennyhow.

It kort me in a verrey tender spot, an' maid me see stars.

That maid me tired about dwarfts in fucher, an' I sed to meself



that a pursin orter be verrey kairfill of what he ses about uther peepil wen strainers is around to heer it.

I waz so soar oavver it that I worntid to go hoam at foist, but I chainged my mind wen I seen the Wat-is-It torkin' to the jient.

I wish I was Gak the Jient-killer.

If I waz, thair wood be onley a greez-spot left of that feller now, on akount of the swat in the jore he gaiv me for pluggin' him in the eye with my puttey-blower.

It waz a lorngr-raing shot, an' I onley worntid to see if I koodn't strik the bull's-eye twict outer three times.

The What-is-It got the uther wun up the noas, an' it stuk thair.

He had on a labul that he waz fresh frum the wiles of Afriker, but he pulled out the wad, shook his fist at me, an' sed:

"Be jabers!"

I sneaked, caus his African tork wass two mutch for me.

In wun korner waz a tank with a wommin-fish, wich a ole man waz tryin' desprit hard to mash, but she wiggeld hur tale an' onley lafft at him, swum aroun', an' he kep leenin' oavver the tank more than befour.

Rite behine him waz his skinny wife, wich was intrestid in a five-legged mowl, wile she was holdin' onto a big bull-pup by a string.

I stept on hur bunyun.

It waz a axident.

She didn't think so, thoo.

She wooped, an' gumpt bak onto the dorg.

Then the pup kinder tied hisself up into a sailer's slip-not.

Wen he untwistid hisself he ketcht hur by the foot, an' she sprung bak, hit the ole man, an' he skreecht an' fell into the tank with the murmade, an' thay had a rassell up to thare necks in the worter.

The last I seen of them the ole womin had hur pup by the throat an' waz punchin' it with hur umbreller, wile the ole man tore all the home-maid tale off the murmade an' she waz chewin' his ear off.

As I don the axidint, I thort I bet'er git out of the way of them parties ontill thay was all in a beter youmer, so I travild.

Ime alwaz gittin' into trubbil of some kind.

A krewl fait seem to persoo me evveryware.

Ime onlukey to evverrybuddy an' myself, too.

Evvery pursun kauls me a hoodoo, so I must be wun.

The minnit I struk the uther side of the room, wat shood I do but bunk into the five hundred dollar figger of Apolo Belverdeer, an' it went down ker-smash an' broak into a millyun peeses!

The manager rusht oavver an' grabd a ole party wat stood near it.

He lookt like wun of them millyuneers wat maik their boodl in the pork bisniss, but hait to spend a sent.

"Wat did you brake that immidge for?" yelld the manager.

"I didn't!" sed the ole duff.

"Yea, you did, an' Ime goin' to maik you pay for it, too," sed the manager, as he grabd the bloot by the nek-tye an' shook him like a rat.

"That thair boy don it!" houled the ole feller, pointin' at me.

"I didn't," sed I. "He is biggern me, an' wants to lay it onto me."

"You did!" he screecht.

"I didn't," sed I, orfull innersent. "That's jist the way with you rich fellers. If you do enny thing, wich will kost you a blamed sent, you wornt to stik it onto a por litle boy, wich is a orfun an' ain't got nuthin' to pay for enneything."

I gess the manager knowed that it waz me, but he thort he kood git moar outer the ole feller than me, so he sed:

"That thair boy didn't do nuthin' of the kine. I seen you do it myself, an' if you don't pay for it I will have you arestid."

"Proov it!" bellered the old faik.

"I will!" sed the manager.

He lookt aroun an' seen too of his men lookin' on an winkt at 'em.

"Heer is too witnesses," sed he. "Say, youse gents; didn't this man brake this heer immige? Didn't youse see him do it, say?"

"Of kors we did," sed thay; "an' we kin sware to it in kort, two."

The ole feller seen that he waz at the mursey of a gang of fellers wich wood suck his blud dry, if thay kood.

"How mutch is it?" he ast.

"Well," sed the manager, "it kost 500——"

"Sents," intruptid the ole feller, talkin' out his wallitt.

"Let it go at that," sed the manager with a grin.

"Then lle pay you for it, to saiv trubbill, thoo I didn't brake it," sed the man. "But I want the satusfaxun to kik that gosh-blaimed litle lyer out ov this plais, jist to work off my mad."

"Don," sed the manager, an' he got the bill.

I thort it waz time to vamoose out of thare.

So I startid to go.

But the ole party sprung for me.

I dodged between his leggs, an' he picht oavver, his head struk the manager in the stummick, an' they fell on the floor togethur.

Peepil got skaired almost as much as I waz, thort it waz a fite, an' runned out of the plais in a terribul hurey.

I worntid to go two, but the Gaim Rooster, the what-is-it, the jient, the murmade, the dwarf, an' in fack, all the kureyeseriyys kaim for me.

Then they chast me aroun the plais all trying to ketch me.

Geel! Wat a run that waz, the hull mernagery after me—me a litle boy of my aig, an' all of them yellin' an' swearin' trifick.

The doar-man lokt it, an' I koodn't git out no how, and when I seen that they waz all tryin' to maybe kil me and keep me stuffed for the exerbishun, I tryd orfill hard to git away, you kin bet your dust, Petey.

I doant know how nenny things I smasht an' npsot befour thay ketcht me, but the fack rermanes that the museyum lookt as if a oith-quoik struk it; ennyhow, thare waznt mutch left wich waznt broke.

Then that bandy-legd guriller of a manager ketcht me.

I aint a-goin' to tell what he don to me, cause the reckerlexun is too panefill to my mind yet, but the foist thing I knowed I seen pa.

How he kaim thare I doant noe, onless it waz to keap a eye on me.

He waznt goin' to see no uther man but hisself lick me, so he saled rite in to the hull kroud, an' wen I reerlizzd things agane we won, an' I waz bein' taken hoam, wile pa lookt as if he waz a raggermuffin.

His cloas was all tore, his eye waz blakind, an' he had a bluddy noas, but he grind, caus he sed he likt ther hull kroud singul-handid. He'd a-likt me two wen we got home, onley I waz likt allreddy, an' now Ime lade up in bed gittin' oaver it sloly.

9 P. M.

MARCH 22ND.—This is the foist time Ive had a chants to put down wat happind to me sints my last trubbill, an' as pa sed to me, "If you doant lick the stuffin' outer the Gaim Rooster, lle lick you," astur wat that nigger don to me, I tryd to do it to-day.

The museyum man gave him the G. B., on akount of peepil findin' out he waz a paintid nigger, an' not a jenyowine lepperd-boy.

So I layd for him neer his hous, as I didnt wornt to git a lickin' frum pa, with my hart up into my throate.

I waz askaird he wood bunk me in the stummick with his hed like he don another feller wich he fit sum time ago, wich swiped his mar-bils.

I didnt lay for him aloan.

I waz too cagey for that.

I knowed he kood nock the blazes outer me singul-handid.

So I got all the fellers in our streat togethur, an' I opind a bockx of pas best siggars for them, wich I took frum the klosit, an' I sed to them, sos to set them all again the coon:

"Ime treetin' to-day, fellers, an' I wornt youse to stan by me in a fite Ime goin' to hav with the Gaim Rooster, Ime goin' to paralyze him. He's oftin likt the hull kroud of youse, an' it is time to stop his bulleyin' in this streat. I bet a doller I kin lick him, onley I wornt fare play. Its wuth a goodeal to me to nock him out."

"Wat'll you giv us to help you?" ast one of the fellers.

"Each wun of youse will git a dime frum my pa," sed I, "if youse will do the rite thing in this mater. Will you do it?"

"Wat do you kaul the rite thing?" ast my frend.

"Well," sed I, "if you see him gittin' the best of me, I wornt you all to pile onto him, an' nock the stuffin' outer him."

"We'll do it," sed thay.

"Ware'll we fite?" I ast them.

"Down on the frate-dock, peer 49," sed one of the fellers.

"Markis of Kweanberrey rools," sed another.

"Sicks rouns to a finnish," addid another.

"Orright," I sed, "I aint askairt; youse fellers go down thare, an' lle bring him down jest as soon as I kin fine him."



The kroud woodn't do this, thoo.

They sed lets all go down in a boddy; then thay lit the siggars.

It maid them all look tuff smoakin siggars.

Thare waz about ten in the partey, an' a good menney nevvver smoakt siggars befour, an' as pa's siggars are verry strong jore-brakers, I seen that sum of the fellers waz gittin' sick, but thay kept on puffin, an' tryd to look as if thay waz all ust to it, an' didn't mind.

I went oavver to the Gaim Roosters hous, an' wissled for him.

He kaim out, an' the minnit he seen me he lookt ugly.

"So its you," he sed, verrey sarkastick. "Wat do you wornt—hey?"

"Ime lookin' for fite," I sed.

The Gaim Rooster put a chip on his sholder.

"Nock that off," sed he, "an' Ile pulverize you."

"O," sed I, "we are goin' to fite down on the frate dok."

"Is theas fellers goin' to see it throo?" he ast.

"Yes. Pik out a fren to see fare play for you," I ansered.

"All rite," ansered the darkee. "Ile taik Skinney Toodles."

"An' Ile taik Swipesey," I ansered; "so kum on."

We all went down to the dok after that, an' thare waz a lot of frate-handlers thare, but we went ont to the end an' found a plais behine some barrils of flower, ware we took off our gackits an' hats, an' roald up our sleeves—at leest, I did, but the coon didn't hav enney.

The fellers maid a ring aroun' us, an' wun of them got on top of the barrils to lay boans for a cop while we fit.

I felt kinder shakey.

The Gaim Rooster had on a big brass ring, wich the boys maid him taik off, an' we shook hans; but wile he held my rite han' I gaiv him a punch in the eye with my left han', an' he hollerd, an' gumpt bak.

Then we skwared off."

"No hittin' berlo the belt!" I sed.

"An' no kunseald weppins," sed the Gaim Rooster.

"Go for him, Pezey!" sed wun of the fellers.

We runned in at wun anuther, an' klintched.

I kort the niggers noas between my fingurs, an' pincht it, while he sockt me in the ear, an' tryd to bite me.

"No roff-an'-tumbill," sed wun of the fellers.

Thay tryd to separait us, an' torkt so lowd that all the fratemmen kaim up to see wat the mattur waz behine the barrils.

Thay mickxed in the ring, two, an' bet on me.

I near pulld the niggers noas off.

We got partid afterwids, an' skwaired off agane.

Then the Gaim Rooster maid a rush for me, an' I dropt down, he fell oavver me, an' befour he kood git up, I got a hold of him, an' san-paperd the dok with his hed, til he bellerd for mursey, an' I let go.

That waz the foist round, in my faver.

Wen we kaim up to skcratch agane, he plugged me a wopper.

I seen stars, an' wuz pickt up boodyley.

That waz round number two.

I waz moar kairfill the neckxt time.

The nekxt round waz a korker, in wich menney punchis waz ix-chalnged an' endid in the Gaim Rooster fallin' oavver the end of the dok into the rivver, oavver the foot of wun of the frate-men, wich waz a praktikel goaker, an' felt sorrey for the black eye I got frum him.

I gess the fellers thort I waz gittin' the worst of the fite, caus as soon as the coon klum up the spyle, wat shood thay do but pelt him with pertaters, appills, an' uthur froot wich thay found on the dok in a dekad condishun, an' he run for his life.

"Ime likt!" he hollerd, but thay didn't stop.

"Go for him!" sed wun of the fellers, an' thay did, wich I waz verrey glad about, as I waz likt wuss than him, but I didn't say so.

I ran after him with the rest of them, an' we gust got away as a cop kaim alorng, wich I onley got away frum in time to saiv my skin from bein' arestid, thank hevvin!

We follerd the Gaim Rooster throo Clinton streat, into East Broadway, an' he then maid traks for his hoam, the hull kroud after him.

He seen that he koodn't git away, an' got into the groasserry stoar on the korner, ware the boys follerd him, as I gess thay waz anxious to git them dimes wat I promist them to help me.

Onley the grosserrey boy waz in, so thay wazn't askaired to chais the nigger in the stoar, an' then wat happind I shuder to stait.

Let me pass oavver all the things thay broak, as it is a mornfill reckerlexun, wen I think how pa had to foot the bill.

Thay kort the Gaim Rooster, wich waz standin' on his hed in a empty flour barrill, behine the ise-bockx, an' pulld him out.

The groasser kaim in gust as thay waz goin' to lam him.

Thare waz a big tussil after that to see wich wun kood git away first, an' we all skipt ixsept the nigger, wich the groasser kort.

He had his waggin' wip in his han' an' he hammerd the skin offer the Gaim Rooster, so that I doan't think that the coon will evver try to wip enney of us fellers agane in a hurey—at least I hoap not me.

Wen the groasser got throo, he let him go, an' the fellers all kort him wen he got out in the streat agane, an' tyed him with thare han-kerchiffs sos he koodnt git away.

It was then about sick aklok, an' thay sed thay waz goin' to taik the viktim to our hous, as proof that he waz likt, an' git them dimes.

That maid me askaird, as my pa nevvver sed he wood giv them a sent, an' I thort he wood wallop me for promisin' sich a thing.

Besydes, I waz a totill reck.

My best Sundy cloas waz all tore.

My new hat waz lost in the rivver.

My fais was skcratcht, an' my eye waz blakind.

All pa's best siggars waz smoakt up, the hull kroud waz sik from it an' the grossery-man sed he waz goin' to charg my pa with all that waz broakin in his stoar by the kroud of fellers.

I am orfill onlukey, nomater wat I atemp to do, an' the situwashun was verrey serious, but I was goin' to put on a bras frunt about it.

We all went up the streat with the Gaim Rooster, an' wen we got to our hous, we stopt in frunt, an' wated for pa.

He soon kaim alorng.

"Wat's the mater, Pezey?" sed he, stoppin, an' lookin' at us.

"I gust lickt the Gaim Rooster," sed I as brazen as you pleeze.

"Wat!" he hollerd, an' I toind pail, an' shook.

"Thare he is!" I sed, pointin' at the coon.

The Gaim Rooster lookt verrey bad, wen pa glanced at him."

"An' wat about theas boys?" ast my pa.

"Thay seen fair-play," I anserd.

"Is that so?" pa ast them.

An' thay all sed I near killed the nigger.

"Waz it a fare an' skware up an' down fite?" ast pa.

I kinder slid away a litel, an' sed:

"Yes. Doan't lick me, pa. You told me to do it."

"Are you sure he didn't lick you?" he ast.

"I sware it!" I sed, orfill sollum.

Then I toind to the coon, an' shakin' my fist at him so's pa koodn't see it as if Ide puck him in the noas if he didn't say gust wat I sed, I aded so's pa kood heer wat I sed:

"Now you own up fare, you gosh-blaimd skunk, didn't I lick you?"

"Yes," sed the Gaim Rooster, wich lookt more like the woistid pup in a dorg-fite, than the terror of our nayberhood, "he did, an' I wisht you wood giv him a beetin for it, sur."

That maid me feal moar skittish, but instid of gittin a thumpin as I ixpectid, pa grabbed me in his arms, hugged an' kist me, an' sed I waz moar an' moar like my dad evvery day, an' a kredit to my fam-merley.

This waz mitey good luk, an' wile he waz in a good youmer I wispered that he orter giv all the boys a dime far seein fare play for me.

He gave them all a quorter, an' thay went away, wile the Gaim Rooster sneekt hoam, an' we went into the hous together.

Pa didn't mind payin' the grossery bill, an' sed he wood apayed it if it waz twist as much as long as I lickt the uthur feller.

I hoap he won't find out about them siggars, an' that nun of the boys'll tell him that I didn't lick the Gaim Rooster without thare help; if he finds it out he won't think Ime such a hero, an' will chaing his mind about me kunsidribel.

Ive got my eye in a sling now, an' pa woodn't let ma say a woid to me for comin hoam all tore to peeses.

#### TOO DAZE LAITER.

MARCH 24.—'Tis Sunday, an' this will be the last thing Ile evver rite in this noat-book in deer old New York, caus Ime found out, an' pa is goin' to send me away to boardin' skool, ware Ile be out of mls-chuf.

Wat a sad end of all my fond dreems!



I worntid to be a saler, or a soljur, or a kowboy.

Sints I rote the last entry pa got hold of this book, an' he red how I happind to lick the Gaim Rooster, wich maid him wery, an' he made me tired, too, caus he jored an' klubbed me till my hart waz bustid.

Thayve got my trunk pakt, an' two-morrer Ime goin' away.

Ide like to hide sos to git out of it, but thare isnt no way.

O, wy waz I ever a bad boy?

Wy did I ever rite a full kunfeshun in my note-book?

I orter noed that it wood git me in trubbill if ever it waz found, an' thare its gonn an' don it at last, an' Ime doomed, an' Ive got to leev hoam, frends an' muther.

Thair aint no moar fun left for poor Petey Boggs now.

Ive got wun konserlashun, an' that is rerveng on Mr. Leek for givin' me this blaimd note-book, wich galy me away to pa so badley.

He is goin' to marry Maria, wich will chaing his mind about hur be-in' the angill wich he thinks she is.

I hoap the babbey wont grow up to be a bad boy like me, an' I wish ma wood git fat like she waz befur I growed up to maik hur thin.

As four pa, I aint got nuthin to say, ixcept that he is treetin' his little sun verrey rong to send him off this way.

To-day he took me out to by sum cloas to go away with, an' we went up in the elevaited.

The kars got blokt up on akount of the farg.

Then the peeple wich worntid to hurrey begun to sware same's if thay had tacks under them, or kaster ile inside of 'em.

Thay pokt up the winders, peekt out, yelld, danned, an sung sorngs, an' wun feller seen a switch, an' ses:

"That thair switch is opin, an' the nex trane wich cums alorng on the uther trak will bunk into us an' smash us all to glorey in a heep."

A ole wommin with blinkey eyes an' a markit-baskit, in wich waz a a cat meowin', flopt down on her marrer boans an' begun to prey like blazes.

I seen a signil lite go up beside the trak in bak of us to stop the trane wich wood foller ourn, an' I sed to pa:

"Grate Heavln, we are lost!"

"Wow—wow! Wat's that, Petey?" ses he, gittin' skairt.

He sprung up an' waived his arms, an' the uther peeple took frite rite away, an' every wun turned pail aroun' the gills, buttind up thair koats, felt of thair watches, an' lookt as if they waz perpaired for the woist.

"Thair's a trane comin' on behind us," sez I, "an' as we hav stopt thay are sure to bunk into our stern."

"O, Lor!" sed pa; "we are gorn!"

"In the farg," thinks I.

"Wat's to be don?" ses pa, verrey wild.

"Don't you remember the boy hero wich saived a trane?"

"How—how?" sed pa, verrey anxious.

"Wy," I replyd, "he took orf his koat an' waived it."

"So he did. But he got on the trak," sed pa.

"Well, kain't you do the same?" I ast.

I gess pa worntid to be a boy hero, 'caus he yankt off his koat all ixcited, flung opin the reer doar of the kar, an' wile the passingers cheered fer him he sprung out on the sleapers an' waived his koat an' hollered.

All the wile he had his eyes on the signil-lite.

He waz fearfil ixcited an' thort it was cummin' tord him, 'caus he begun to yell as hard as he cood:

"Stop it! Stop the trane!"

No anser kaim back, an' as I 'spose he worntid to git his pickcher in the Police Weekly or some uther papir as a boy hero, he ran tword it yellin':

"Put on the bralks! Let orf steem! Fire! Molder! Rats! Rats!"

Wen he got alorng awaze he seen the outlines of a reel trane wich waz then hid frum us in the farg.

It had jist cum to a stop an akount of seein' the signal, an' we passingers on our tran seen it, two.

"Wy," sed wun feller, as the farg begun to lift, "that ole feller is runnin' after a trane wich ain't thair."

Everyboddy lookt releaved, as it waz a blessin'.

"He's a-chasin a signal lite," sed another.

Then everybuddy laft, an' sed thay all knowed it befur, but I kood sware thay didn't, an' waz all so skairt that thay all dropt a sillint prair for thair sins.

Thay kummenct to guy pa dredfil.

He, poor feller, had rusht up to the uther trane, and wen he seen it waz the signal lite besyde the track which foold him he stopt.

I gess he felt as if ee wisht he woz a flee, or somethin' elts so he kood faid away into a krak in the sleapers outter his own site as well as everyboddy's eltses.

Enney way wen the uther ingineer an' fierman laft at him he shook his fist at them an' started back for our trane to git skwair with me for foolin' him.

But he nevver reecht it.

Befur he arruv haff waze bak, off started our trane full split, an' pa had to run after it ovver the sleapers.

But we waz behind time, an' had to maik it up by fast travilin', an' the faster pa run the faster the trane went, an' it didn't stop at the foist stashun.

"Cum on, ole feller!" yelld a man. "Youle git there soon!"

"Stop it! Stop the kar!" howled pa.

"Run, yer sinner, run!" skreeched another feller.

"Oh, pa," sed I, "hurrey up or you'le git run ovver by the trane wich is following you."

That waz the trooth, for the uther trane waz comin' alorng verrey fast, an' wen pa lookt bak oavver his showlder, he seen it an' galy a yell of fear.

I seen the ingineer laffin' at him, an' knowed then that he waz saif an' wood not git hoit.

Thay onley worntid to hav sum fun with him.

"It's youre forlt!" pa hollered, waivin' his arms at me. "If I die, youle be my molderer for foolin' me."

By this ixpreshun I nowed that he dropt to the trik I plaid upon him, an' ment mischuf.

So I sneekt inside feelin' verrey meak.

That waz the last I seen of him jest then, cause he waz left behind in the farg, wich waz liftin'.

I sat down to think it oavver, an' I kaim to the konklooshun he waz O. K. an' wood klime up on the platfoarm of the foist stushun he kaim too.

So I thort I'de go rite on to the stoar, an' order my cloas, so's to saiv him the trubble of doin' it hisself.

Enneyway, I went up to the stoar, an' I sez to myself Ile git a good likin' for wot I don, so I maze well git kild for a sheap's a lam', so Ile order wot I wornt.

Then I pickt out the hansumist an' best cloas I kood git, an' selektid about aiteen soots an' a hole lot of under-cloas to mach them, told the man to sen' them hoam with the bill to my pa, an' after I borrered ten dollers in pa's naim an' blowed it in on a maternee an' all the kandy an' soader worter I kood stuff in, I went hoam.

It was lait in the afturnoon when I arrove, an' after pa got oaver his frite about my absince, he told me the things had kaim, told me not to tell ma about wot he don chaisin' the signil lite, an' promist not to lick me if I kep mum.

I sed I wood, an' pertickerly ast him if the bil of my close kaim, but he sed it didn't yet, but wood in 30 daze.

Wot struck me waz the way he sed ma cauld him a gennerus man with his little sun wich waz goin' away, an' it maid him feal awful big.

But he don't no how menney soots of cloas I bort yet.

Wen the bil cums in he will howl.

He won't think Ime sich a good boy as the minister doz, speshully about that ten dollers I borrered.

Ma thinks he bort them things out of gennerosserty.

I doan't.

All I hoap is the bil won't com till Ime gorn.

Then orl will be well enuff.

Oh, dear, wy am I sich a terribul felloe?

I must have been bornd this way thoo, an' thank Hevvin Ime goin' to try arful hard to be a good boy in fucher. I axerdently stuck sum taffey in babbey's hed, an' that maid pa mad at me, an' I've had to hide from him an' the strap down in the seller.

I maid a big been-shooter, an' got a sig from Bridgit, so I gess Ile go up-stares to ma's bedroom winder, an' see if I can't get a shot at some jay goin' by the hous.

If I do, an' I find him comin' after me, Ile brake his hed with the tomater-kans wich I gust brang up frum the seller.



I must now kloas, my deer noat-book, an' I hoap nevvver to see you agane, for Ime goin to pich you into the fier befour I go away, as you went bak on me so meen'.

In endin' I will onley say that I am goin to try to be a good boy in fucher, sos to keep out of trubbill; but Ime afrade I kan't do it.

The book was finished at this point, and it is to be presumed that the little rascal left it where he was writing his last entry, when his father found it.

At any rate he certainly carried out his fiendish purpose of using his bean-shooter, the old tomato-cans and sundry other missiles, and I

was unlucky enough to be the "jay" whom he attacked from the window.

I sincerely trust that the school to which he was sent turned out to be an institute where he will be trained in the path of moral rectitude; but I doubt if the sternest spirit is capable of breaking the mischievous traits of such a boy.

Within a short time I shail call on his father again, and learn what change may have been wrought in his spirit; but should the reader ever hear from him again, I fear that the bad boy will still be found to be a bad boy, whether at home, at school, or anywhere else.

[THE END.]

## Useful and Instructive Books.

**ON THE STAGE; OR, HOW TO BECOME AN ACTOR.**—A valuable book for amateurs, containing all the information desired by beginners in the profession, also NEGRO ACTS, IRISH ACTS, DUTCH ACTS, DIALOGUES, SPEECHES, SONGS, JOKES, ETC., ETC. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent from this office on receipt of price, 15 cents. Address Frank Tousey, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO MAKE LOVE**, a complete guide to love, courtship, and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known. For sale by all newsdealers, price 10 cents, or sent, postage free, upon receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BOX.**—The art of self-defense made easy. Containing over thirty illustrations of guards, blows and the different positions of a good boxer. Every boy should obtain one of these useful and instructive books, as it will teach you how to box without an instructor. Only 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**FRANK TOUSEY'S UNITED STATES DISTANCE TABLES, POCKET COMPANION, AND GUIDE.**—Giving the official distances on all the railroads of the United States and Canada. Also, tables of distances by water to foreign ports, hack fares in the principal cities, reports of the census, etc., etc., making it one of the most complete and handy books published. Price 10 cents. For sale by every newsdealer, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of the price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**SOMETHING NEW! SOMETHING NEW!**—"The Boys of New York Minstrel Guide and Joke Book." Every boy should have one. One dime—one dime—one dime. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States, or send 10 cents to Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, or P. O. Box 2730, and receive one by return mail.

**HOW TO BEHAVE**, containing the rules and etiquette of good society, and the easiest and most approved methods of appearing to good advantage at parties, balls, the theater, church, and in the drawing-room. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or sent, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME BEAUTIFUL.**—One of the brightest and most valuable little books ever given to the world. Everybody wishes to know how to become beautiful, both male and female. The secret is simple and almost costless. Read this book, and be convinced. "How to Become Beautiful." Price ten cents. For sale by book and newsdealers, or send ten cents to Frank Tousey, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, and it will be mailed to your address, post paid.

**HOW TO DANCE** is the title of a new and handsome little book just issued by Frank Tousey. It contains full instructions in the art of dancing, etiquette in the ball-room and at parties, how to dress, and full directions for calling off in all the popular square dances. The price is 10 cents, for sale by newsdealers, or sent from this office on receipt of price, postage free. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO ROW, SAIL AND BUILD A BOAT.**—Fully illustrated. Every boy should know how to row and sail a boat. Full instructions are given in this little book, together with instructions on swimming and riding, companion sports to boating. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or we will send it to your address on receipt of the price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME AN INVENTOR.**—Every boy should know how inventions originate. This book explains them all, giving examples in electricity, hydraulics, magnetism, optics, pneumatics, mechanics, etc., etc. The most instructive book published. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**THE SHORTYS' SNAPS** only 10 cents. The funniest book of its kind ever published. Containing side-splitting jokes from the Shortys. Do not fail to buy it! For sale by all newsdealers, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**MULDOON'S JOKES.**—This is one of the most original joke books ever published, and is brim full of wit and humor. It contains a large collection of songs, jokes, conundrums, etc., of Terence Muldoon, the great wit, humorist and practical jok of the day. We offer this amusing book, together with the picture of "Muldoon," for the small sum of 10 cents. Every boy who can enjoy a good substantial joke should obtain a copy immediately. All newsdealers have it for sale, or you can obtain it by sending 10 cents to Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York, and you will receive it by return mail, post paid.

**IRELAND'S STRUGGLES FOR LAND AND LIBERTY.**—A new book just issued. Contains biographical sketches of Robert Emmet, Charles Stewart Parnell, Grattan, O'Brien, O'Mahony, Wolfe Tone, and every prominent Irish patriot. Also interesting and instructive incidents in the history of Erin's Isle. Price of book by mail, 10 cents. Postage paid by us. Everybody should have one. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO DO TRICKS.**—The great book of magic and card tricks, containing full instructions of all the leading card tricks of the day, also the most popular magical illusions as performed by our leading magicians; every boy should obtain a copy, as it will both amuse and instruct. For sale by all newsdealers, or will be sent, postage free, on receipt of 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME A SPEAKER.**—Containing fourteen illustrations, giving the different positions requisite to become a good speaker, reader and elocutionist. Also containing gems from all the popular authors of prose and poetry, arranged in the most simple and concise manner possible. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of ten cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO BECOME A SCIENTIST.**—A useful and instructive book, giving a complete treatise on chemistry; also, experiments in acoustics, mechanics, mathematics, chemistry, and directions for making fireworks, colored fires, and gas balloons. This book cannot be equaled. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers, or it will be sent to your address, postage free, on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO DRESS.**—Containing full instruction in the art of dressing and appearing well at home and abroad; giving the selections of colors, material, and how to have them made up. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent, post-paid, to your address, on receipt of price, by Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO MAKE LOVE.**—A complete guide to love, courtship, and marriage, giving sensible advice, rules and etiquette to be observed, with many curious and interesting things not generally known. For sale by all newsdealers, price 10 cents, or sent, postage free, upon receipt of price. Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO HUNT AND FISH.**—The most complete hunting and fishing guide ever published. It contains full instructions about guns, hunting dogs, traps, trapping, and fishing, together with descriptions of game and fish. Price 10 cents. For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent, postpaid, to your address, on receipt of price, by Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.

**HOW TO WRITE LETTERS.**—A wonderful little book, telling you how to write to your sweetheart, your father, mother, sister, brother, employer; and, in fact, everybody and anybody you wish to write to. Every young man and every young lady in the land should have this book. It is for sale by all newsdealers. Price 10 cents, or sent from this office on receipt of price. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. P. O. Box 2730.

**HOW TO FLIRT.**—Just out. The arts and wiles of flirtation are fully explained by this little book. Besides the various methods of handkerchief, fan, glove, parasol, window, and hat flirtations, it contains a full list of the language and sentiment of flowers, which is interesting to everybody, both old and young. You cannot be happy without one. Price 10 cents. Address Frank Tousey, publisher, 34 and 36 North Moore street, New York. Box 2730.



# Latest Issues of THE 5 CENT WIDE AWAKE LIBRARY.

- 905 Tom Quick, the Avenger of the Delaware..... by R. T. Emmet
- 906 Sam Switch the Boy Engineer; or, Beginning at the Bottom..... by Albert J. Booth
- 907 Daring Dave the Diver; or, The Prince of Swimmers..... by C. Little
- 908 Sam; or, The Troublesome Foundling—comic..... by Peter Pad
- 909 Velvet Van; or, Deadly Grip and His Demon Band..... by Paul Braddon
- 910 A Smart New York Boy; or, From Poverty to Wealth..... by John Sherman
- 911 Foretop Tom; or, A Yankee Sailor Boy Among the Malay Pirates..... by J. G. Bradley
- 912 Bulger Boom, the Inventor—comic..... by Peter Pad
- 913 Out in the Streets. A Story of High and Low Life in New York..... by N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor)
- 914 The Swamp Demon; or, Lost For Two Years..... by R. T. Emmet
- 915 Denver Dan, Jr., the Stage Driver; or, The Mystery of Golden Gulch..... by "Noname"
- 916 Muldoon's Brother Dan—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 917 Buffalo Bill's Boy Broncho Breaker; or, The Youngest Hero on the Plains..... by Paul Braddon
- 918 A Sailor at Fifteen; or, From Cabin Boy to Captain..... by J. G. Bradley
- 919 Henpecked—comic..... by Peter Pad
- 920 Homeless Hal; or, A Poor Boy's Life in a Great City..... by Captain Will Dayton
- 921 Wild Bill's Boy Partner; or, The Redskins' Gold Secret..... by Paul Braddon
- 922 Muldoon's Christmas—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 923 Captain Jack the Pirate's Foe; or, The Devilish of the Indies..... by Roger Starbuck
- 924 A Bad Boy at School—comic..... by "Ed."
- 925 Mr. McGinty—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 926 Lineman Joe, the Boy Telegraph Climber..... by C. Little
- 927 Shipped to China; or, The Life of a Runaway Boy..... by J. G. Bradley
- 928 Searching for Stanley; or, Tom Stevens' Adventures in Africa..... by R. T. Emmet
- 929 Boarding-School; or, Sam Bewser at Work and Play—comic..... by Peter Pad
- 930 Young Magic; or, The Boy with a Charmed Life..... by Paul Braddon
- 931 Muldoon Out West—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 932 The Boy Treasure Hunters; or, Searching for Lost Money..... by John Sherman
- 933 Senator Muldoon—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 934 Sam Johnson, the Negro Detective, by Harry Kane
- 935 Frank Reade, Jr., in the Far West; or, The Search for a Lost Gold Mine..... by "Noname"
- 936 The Wolf of Mystery Island; or, The Adventures of a Boy Who Was Kidnapped..... by Roger Starbuck
- 937 The Mystery of the Sealed Door; or, The Oldest House in New York..... by R. T. Emmet
- 938 Island No. 7; or, The Pirates of Lake Michigan..... by Geo. W. Goode
- 939 Our Landlord; or, Life in French Flats—comic..... by Peter Pad
- 940 From Jockey to Judge; or, The Boy Who Was Always Ahead..... by C. Little
- 941 Alone in New York; or, Ragged Rob the Newsboy..... by N. S. Wood (The Young American Actor)
- 942 The Boy Express Messenger; or, Fighting the Train Robbers..... by John Sherman
- 943 Next Door; or, The Irish Twins—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 944 The Limbless Hunter; or, Si Slocum's Revenge..... by Roger Starbuck
- 945 The Boy in Red; or, The Czar's Masked Messenger..... by R. T. Emmet
- 946 Adrift in the Antarctic; or, Two Years on a Continent of Ice..... by C. Little
- 947 The Aldermen Sweepers of New York—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 948 Pawnee Bill; or, The White Chief's First War Trail..... by Paul Braddon
- 949 The Boy Showman; or, A Circus Manager at Sixteen..... by John Sherman
- 950 Tip Top Teddy, the Young Foretopman; or, Four Years Before the Mast..... by J. G. Bradley
- 951 Mrs. Brown's Boarding-House—comic..... by Peter Pad
- 952 The Boy Sheriff, or, The Regulators of Peco Valley..... by R. T. Emmet
- 953 The Buried Gold Ship; or, The Sailor Boy's Ghost..... by C. Little
- 954 Our Future President; or, The Oak That Came From the Acorn—comic..... by Peter Pad
- 955 General Crook's Boy Guide; or, The Great Indian Fighter's Black Hills Trail..... by Paul Braddon
- 956 Three Yankee Boys in Africa; or, The Giants of the Congo..... by Percy B. St. John
- 957 The Boy Surveyor; or, Running Out a Railroad in the Indian Country..... by John Sherman
- 958 Rob Rounds, the Young Fife-man..... by C. Little
- 959 Muldoon's Base Ball Club—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 960 Fair-Weather Frank, the Dashing Sailor Boy..... by J. G. Bradley
- 961 Eagle Dan the Boy Hermit of the Rockies..... by Paul Braddon
- 962 Captain Lewis, the Pirate..... by C. Little
- 963 Muldoon's Base Ball Club in Boston—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 964 Harry Horton; or, From a Waif to a Millionaire..... by Captain Will Dayton
- 965 The Prairie Post Boy; or, The Scalp Hunters of Apache Land..... by Paul Braddon
- 966 Chums to the Death; or, The Adventures of a Boy Marine..... by Roger Starbuck
- 967 Muldoon Abroad—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 968 An Engineer at 18; or, The Boy Driver of the Lightning Express..... by R. T. Emmet
- 969 Hardpan Harry, the Hunted Boy; or, A Young New Yorker Among Western Outlaws..... by C. Little
- 970 The Property Boy; or, Before the Footlights and Behind the Scenes..... by N. S. Wood
- 971 Muldoon's Base Ball Club in Philadelphia—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 972 The Mystery of the Fire-Ship; or, A Brave Boy Sailing Master..... by Roger Starbuck
- 973 The Boy Bicycle Scouts; or, On the Wheel Among the Redskins..... by Paul Braddon
- 974 Rob Rider, the Circus Equestrian; or, Two Years Under the Canvas..... by Geo. W. Goode
- 975 The Shortys' Minstrels; or, Working the Same Old Rackets—comic..... by Peter Pad
- 976 The Tunnel Under the Sea; or, The Adventures of Two Drowned Boys..... by R. T. Emmet
- 977 Pawnee Bill Doomed; or, The Great Scout in No Man's Land..... by Paul Braddon
- 978 The Buffalo Hunters; or, Wild Life on the Plains..... by Robert Maynard
- 979 Little Tommy Bounce; or, Something Like His Dad—comic..... by Peter Pad
- 980 The Treasure Trove; or, The Buccaneers of the Gulf..... by J. G. Bradley
- 981 Alone on a Wreck; or, The Mystery of a Scuttled Ship..... by R. T. Emmet
- 982 Dan Darling's Cruise; or, Three Boys' Lucky Vacation..... by H. K. Shackelford
- 983 Muldoon's Picnic—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 984 Luke Lines, the Boy Stage Driver; or, The Four-in-Hand of Keno Camp..... by Paul Braddon
- 985 Jockey Jim, the Darling Boy Rider; or, Winning His Fortune in the Saddle..... by Robert Maynard
- 986 The Lost Boy Captain; or, The Secret of the Hidden Whirlpool..... by Roger Starbuck
- 987 Honest Jack Jarrett; or, How He Made His Money..... by H. K. Shackelford
- 988 Rob Rivers, the Raft Boy; or, Log Driving on the Missouri River..... by R. T. Emmet
- 989 Muldoon the Cop, Part I.—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 990 Muldoon the Cop, Part II.—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 991 The Boy Wrecker; or, The Young Pilot of the Breakers..... by Roger Starbuck
- 992 Born to be Rich; or, A Boy's Adventures in Wall Street..... by H. K. Shackelford
- 993 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Queen Clipper of the Clouds—Part I..... by "Noname"
- 994 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Queen Clipper of the Clouds—Part II..... by "Noname"
- 995 The Boy Lawyer; or, Fighting For a Stolen Million..... by R. T. Emmet
- 996 Little Tommy Bounce on His Travels—comic..... by Peter Pad
- 997 The Little Black Rover; or, The Mysterious Privateer of New York Bay..... by Corporal Morgan Rattler
- 998 Pawnee Bill's Oath; or, The Oklahoma Scout's Lost Gold Cache..... by Paul Braddon
- 999 Jimmy Grimes, Jr.; or, The Torment of the Village—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 1000 The Pirates of the Black Cave; or, The Mystery of the Hidden Lake..... by Roger Starbuck
- 1001 Through Thick and Thin; or, Our Boys Abroad..... by Barton Bertren
- 1002 Jack and Jim; or, Rackets and Scrapes at School—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 1003 Little Quick Shot; or, Buffalo Bill's Wild West in Europe..... by Paul Braddon
- 1004 The Mysterious Light Ship; or, The Smugglers of the Death Coast..... by Roger Starbuck
- 1005 Muldoon's Grocery Store—comic..... Part I..... by Tom Teaser
- 1006 Muldoon's Grocery Store—comic..... Part II..... by Tom Teaser
- 1007 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Monitor of the Air; or, Helping a Friend in Need..... by "Noname"
- 1008 Gerald O'Grady's Grit; or, The Branded Irish Lad..... by Corporal Morgan Rattler
- 1009 Denver Dan, Jr., the Silver King; or, The Richest Lode in Nevada..... by "Noname"
- 1010 Six Weeks in the Saddle; or, The Adventures of a Boy's Riding School..... by R. T. Emmet
- 1011 The Traveling Dude; or, The Comical Adventures of Clarence Fitz Roy Jones—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 1012 Black Brow, the Pirate; or, The Cruiser of the Dark River..... by Roger Starbuck
- 1013 The Yankee Yacht Club; or, Around the World by Water..... by Geo. G. Small
- 1014 Frank Reade, Jr., Exploring a River of Mystery. A Strange Story of Africa..... by "Noname"
- 1015 Muldoon's Trip Around the World—comic..... Part I..... by Tom Teaser
- 1016 Muldoon's Trip Around the World—comic..... Part II..... by Tom Teaser
- 1017 Flat Boat Fred; or, The Young Swamp Hunter of Louisiana..... by H. K. Shackelford
- 1018 Among the Sun Worshipers; or, Two New York Boys in Peru..... by Berton Bertrew
- 1019 Jack Magic, the Boy Wonder; or, The Smartest on the Stage..... by C. Little
- 1020 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Electric Air Yacht; or, The Great Inventor Among the Aztecs..... by "Noname"
- 1021 Two Boy Wanderers; or, The Chums of the Lost Island..... by Roger Starbuck
- 1022 The Wonder of Wall Street; or, A Boy Among the Bulls and Bears..... by H. K. Shackelford
- 1023 The Unknown..... by Paul Braddon
- 1024 The Comical Adventures of Two Dudes—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 1025 Cast Adrift; or, One Tear on a Raft..... by J. G. Bradley
- 1026 The Rival Boat Clubs; or, The Boss School at Beachwood..... by Howard De Vere
- 1027 The Demon Captain; or, The Doomed Boys of the Gun-Ship..... by Roger Starbuck
- 1028 Held by Sitting Bull; or, The Siege of a Dakota School-House..... by Paul Braddon
- 1029 Bob Bright; or, A Boy of Business and Fun—comic..... Part I..... by Tom Teaser
- 1030 Bob Bright; or, A Boy of Business and Fun—comic..... Part II..... by Tom Teaser
- 1031 Pawnee Bill's Shadow; or, May Little, the Girl Dead Shot..... by Paul Braddon
- 1032 Tom Topp; or, Fighting Against Fiends..... by Allyn Draper
- 1033 The Poisoned Ship; or, Adrift on a Sea of Death..... by Roger Starbuck
- 1034 Dick Dart; or, The Fiend of the Revenue Cutter..... by Berton Bertrew
- 1035 The Boy Slave of New York; or, Sold to a Hunted Man..... by C. Little
- 1036 Around the World in a Sail Boat..... by Harry Kennedy
- 1037 Fred Fresh; or, As Green as Grass—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 1038 Old Buckskin, the Man With the Trained Dogs; or, The Indian Scout's City Man Hunt..... by Paul Braddon
- 1039 "Sport," the New York Bootblack..... by N. S. Wood
- 1040 Philadelphia Phil; or, From a Bootblack to a Merchant..... by C. Little
- 1041 A Ship on Wheels; or, The Wonder of Hurricane Coast..... by Roger Starbuck
- 1042 Truthful Jack; or, On Board the Nancy Jane. A Story Full of Lies—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 1043 The Gold Arrow; or, The Demon of the Cascade. A Thrilling Story of the Wild Northwest..... by Paul Braddon
- 1044 The Boy Lion King; or, The Secret of the Diamond Caves..... by R. T. Emmet
- 1045 "7" of Dismal Swamp. A Story of the Great South..... by Gus Williams
- 1046 The Castaways of Iceland; or, The Fiend of the Lava Caves..... by Roger Starbuck
- 1047 Billy Moss; or, From One Thing to Another—comic..... by Tom Teaser
- 1048 An Engineer at Seventeen; or, From the Bottom to the Top..... by C. Little
- 1049 Chicago Carl; or, The Factory Boy's Fortune..... by R. T. Emmet
- 1050 Cast Away With Cannibals; or, The White Boy King of the Man-Eaters. A Thrilling Story of the South Pacific..... by J. G. Bradley
- 1051 Frank Reade, Jr., in the Sea of Sand, and His Discovery of a Lost People..... by "Noname"
- 1052 Pawnee Bill's Double; or, The Great Scout's Best Trail..... by Paul Braddon
- 1053 Pacer Dane, the Senate Detective; or, Behind the Scenes in Washington..... by C. Little
- 1054 The Skeleton Island; or, A Cruise in an Underground River..... by Roger Starbuck
- 1055 The Pistol Prince; or, The Treasure of the Cache..... by Paul Braddon
- 1056 Locomotive Fred; or, Life on a Railroad..... by Howard De Vere
- 1057 Dandy Dan of Deadwood..... by "Noname"
- 1058 Twenty Years on an Island; or, The Story of a Young Castaway..... by Kit Clyde
- 1059 The Deacon's Boy, or, The Worst in Town—comic..... by Peter Pad
- 1060 The Phantom Light-House; or, The Mystery of the Storm-Coast..... by Roger Starbuck
- 1061 Dandy Dan of Deadwood, and the Fresh From Frisco..... by "Noname"
- 1062 The Rival Rangers; or, The Sons of Freedom..... by J. G. Bradley
- 1063 Backbone Rob, the Boy of Pluck; or, Making His Own Way Through the World..... by C. Little
- 1064 The Specter of the Pueblo; or, The Phantom Hand..... by Paul Braddon
- 1065 Dandy Dan of Deadwood in Danger..... by "Noname"
- 1066 Pawnee Bill's Gold Hunt; or, The Lost Treasure Train..... by Paul Braddon
- 1067 Icebound; or, Among the Floes..... by Berton Bertrew
- 1068 Slowaway Sam; or, A Cruise to the Sea of Doom..... by Roger Starbuck
- 1069 Johnny Brown & Co. at School; or, The Deacon's Boy at His Old Tricks—comic..... by Peter Pad
- 1070 Frank Reade, Jr., and His Greyhound of the Air; or, The Arch for the Mountain of Gold..... by "Noname"

For sale by all newsdealers in the United States and Canada, or sent to your address, post-paid, on receipt of price. Address

Box 2730.

FRANK TOUSEY, Publisher, 34 & 36 North Moore Street, New York.